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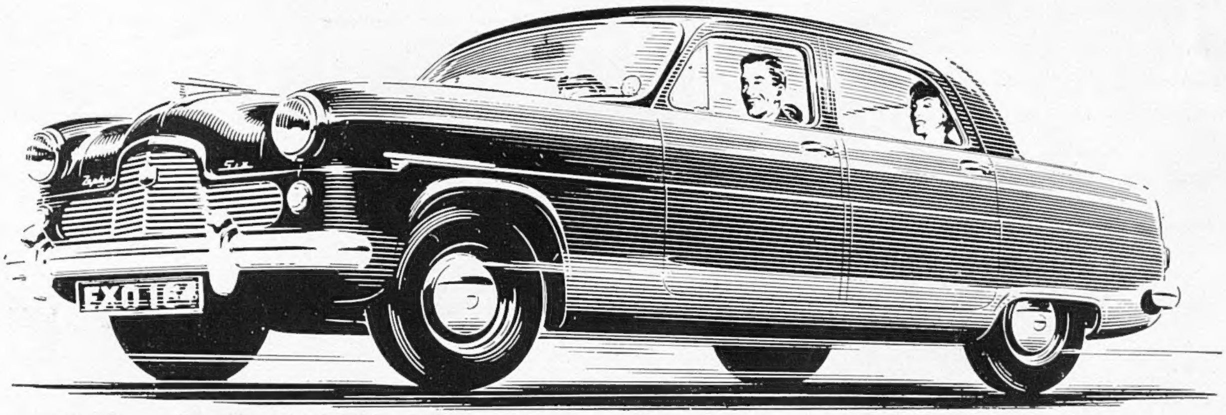

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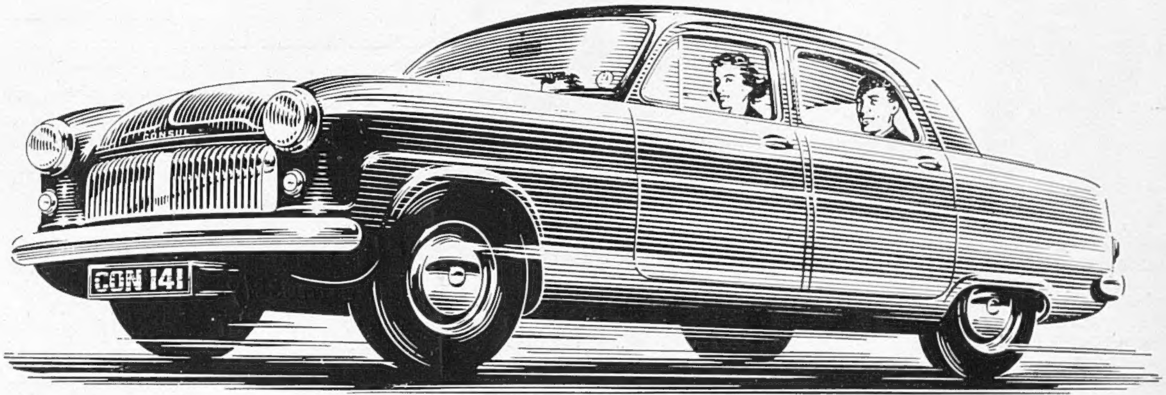

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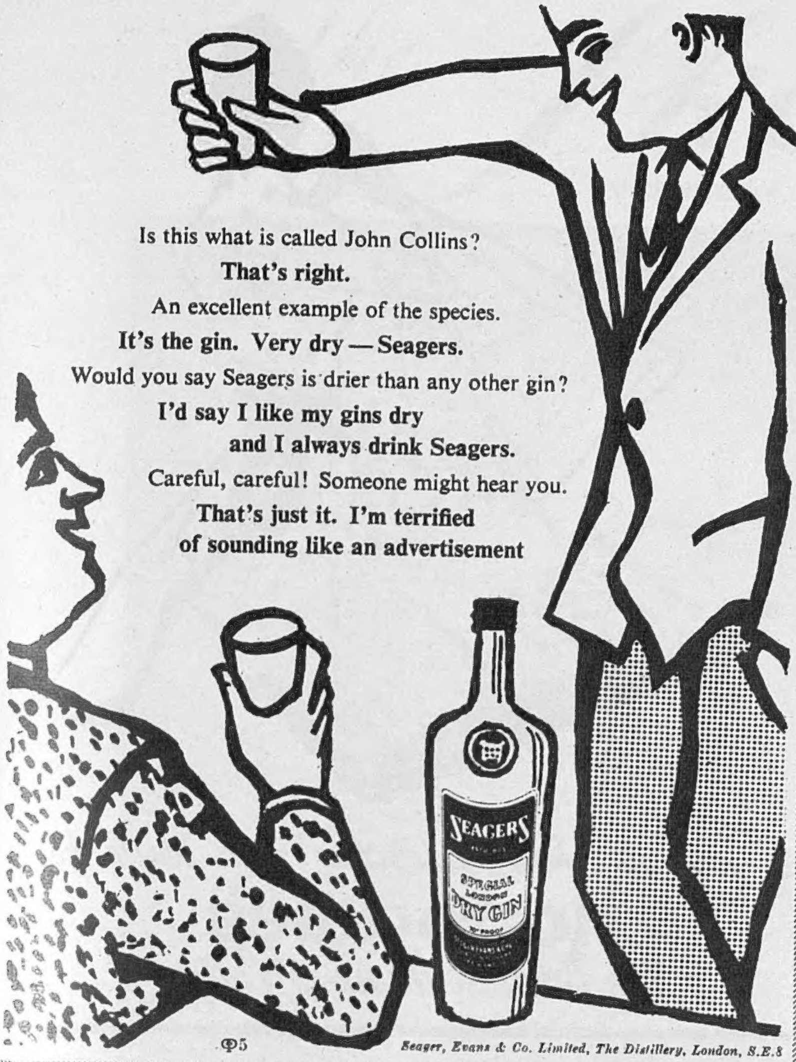

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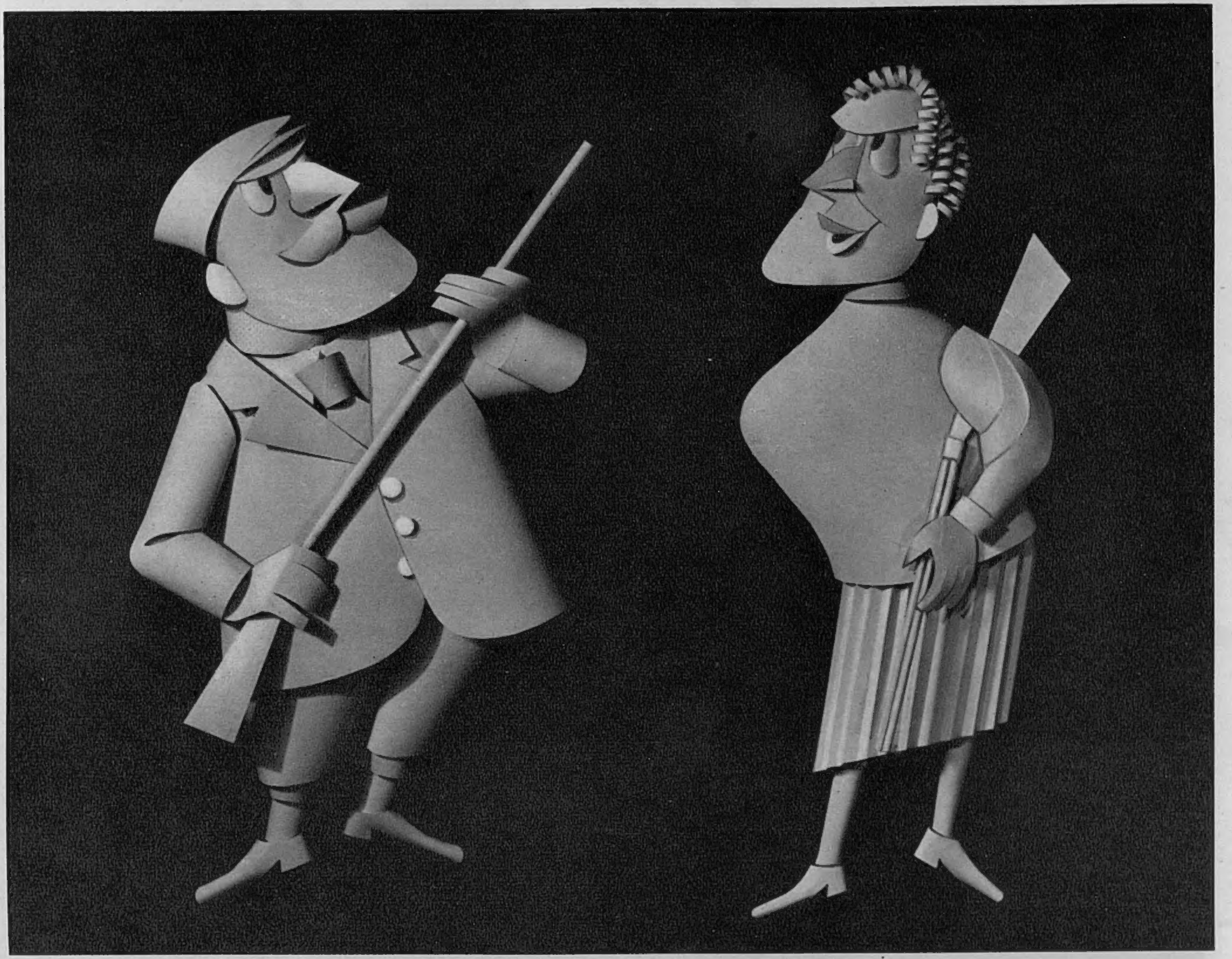
The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1953

THE ROYAL DANISH BALLET

The Royal Danish Ballet's first performance in England yesterday, August 11th, at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, was given a warm reception by the first-night audience, when the programme included *The Whims of Cupid and the Ballet Master*, *La Sylphide*, and *Qarrtsiluni*, a delightful one-act ballet symphony. These are three of the repertory of ten, including *Coppelia*, a scene from which is pictured above with Niels Bjørn Larsen as Coppelius and Inge Sand as Svanilda. Niels Bjørn Larsen is Ballet Master of the Company, which is particularly famous for its wonderful mime; most of the artists start their training at the Royal Danish Ballet's Theatre School in Copenhagen at the age of seven or eight.



"THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH"—by Bruce Angrave.

Our Motley Notes

By Toby O'Brien

PERHAPS it is a hangover from the Coronation, but the West End clubs have never been emptier than at the present moment. Indeed, for a short period we have almost got back to late-Victorian or Edwardian times when it was said that there is "nobody in London in August." The shade of King Edward VII. must be broken-hearted over the news that the Marlborough-Wyndham-Orleans Club is finally closing down on December 31, a final attempt to amalgamate with the Travellers' having failed.

It will be recalled that the King, as Prince of Wales, resigned from Whites because he was not allowed to smoke when he wished, and set up his own club, the Marlborough, with some friends opposite Marlborough House. It was not perhaps a happy choice of venue, as it is not well adapted for a club, having been in previous incarnations a gaming hall and a picture gallery. Nevertheless, until recently, when the amalgamation took place, there were no tables in the dining room except along the wall, so that no member might inadvertently sit with his back to the King. King Edward, of course, was a constant attender, but thereafter the Royal connection tended to dwindle, King George V. being less frequent a diner, and King George VI., as Duke of York, only occasionally looking in at the club.

The Wyndham, a purely social club without any political or other affiliation, used to be before the war in the top left-hand corner of St. James's Square, almost, if not quite, next door to the London Library. The Orleans, off King Street, St. James's, was remarkable for the fact that it had some of the most beautiful silver and kept undoubtedly the best table of any club in London. On the occasions that I dined there before the war one got the impression that it was far too good and too cultivated to last.

The triple soon-to-be-extinct club will "cut up rich," as I gather that the site and the other assets of the Marlborough-Wyndham-Orleans will be worth some £200,000. One is therefore faced with the paradox of a club rich in capital, but losing, I am told, £14,000 a year, and therefore doomed to extinction. That figure of £14,000 must make the shade of King Edward squirm, particularly as it is £1000 less than the profit made last year by Whites in the bar alone.

A CLUB which, faced by the same problem as the Marlborough-Wyndham-Orleans, "from the nettle danger pluck'd this flower safety" was the Oriental in Hanover Square. In this club, founded by the Duke of Wellington and covering the whole of the rise and fall of our political and commercial Empire in the East, some of the more elderly members were prepared to sell the site and to participate in the share-out of £100 per member. However, at an Extraordinary General Meeting packed to the doors, Sir Archibald Rowlands, then permanent head of the Ministry of Supply, backed by the younger elements, threw out the old committee, together with the resolution for winding-up the club, and started in on a programme of modernisation.

This included (to the shuddering horror of former Provincial Lieutenant-Governors and old China hands) the admission of wives to associate membership, and the installation of a bar. Though the results, I gather, are wholly admirable, I am told that those of the Old Guard who have not yet resigned themselves take care, on going down to lunch or dinner, to keep their eyes fixed on the wall to avoid looking at the bar, which is in the well of the staircase.

Courage and enterprise in clubland in these difficult days appear to pay. For example, whereas in Edinburgh the University and the New Club have amalgamated, in Dublin the proposed amalgamation of the Kildare Street with the University Club (probably, as I have pointed out before, one of the most attractive eighteenth-century buildings in all Georgian Dublin) has been thrown out largely owing to the activities of my old friend Professor Walter Starkie. However, the future of the purely social clubs—like that of the public schools—must be a precarious one in these days of high taxation and increasing unclubability of temperament. It is all very well, as the chairman of one threatened club exhorted his fellow-members to do: "glory and drink deep," but few of us nowadays have either the liver or the bank balance to stand up to it.

It always surprised me that film distributors seldom seem to put on "Westerns" during the school holidays. I feel strongly on this, as nowadays I seldom, if ever, go to the films. If ever I do go to the "flicks" I only go to "Westerns," and I have now made a further selective sub-division in that I will now only go to see "Westerns" where it is a case of the U.S. Army or Western pioneers *versus* "Injuns" or "hostiles." That is to say, having become now a very tired business man, I cannot stand the mental strain of trying to decide which lot of galloping cowboys is on my side. Apaches, Comanches, and that elderly Indian Chief who appears in every "Western" with little more dialogue than "How . . ."—there I have the comfortable feeling that I know where I am with them. But that is the extent of my mental effort. Unfortunately, at the last moment I was prevented from going with my elder son, aged 14½, on his first evening back from school to *Powder River*. However, he has been so kind as to give me the following criticism, which I trust my colleague, Miss C. A. Lejeune, will not consider is poaching on her preserves!

"*Powder River*," he writes, "is not outstanding. However, what this film lacks in drama it makes up with spectacle, not the *Quo Vadis* type, but American mountain scenery and by a fair degree of origonality. Thus the stage-coach is attacked while on a river ferry and is, the element of surprise being stalled, cut loose while the bandits look on. Here the origonality ends for one knows that there will be rapids 200 yards downstream, before one sees them. The villain is not obviously a villain, as is the trend nowadays and suffers from a strange phobia which finally kills him. Two women take part in the simple and new plot centreded around the mad villain. I did not come away feeling particularly frightened thrilled amused or bored but I did like the villains novel knee holster."

I think I must pay a private visit to *Powder River* in order to find out about that strange phobia which finally kills the mad villain!

BUSHY: by Hargrave

"No, the 'Toad-in-the-Hole' is down the lane."

About this time last year I remember recording that Lord Kemsley's dance which he gave for one of his grandchildren at Dropmore—which in the eighteenth century was, with Stowe, the great Whig stronghold of the Grenville clan—was, to my mind, one of the most attractive parties I had ever been to, whether before or after the war. After the Dropmore party it would have seemed almost impossible that Lord and Lady Kemsley could have brought off a double. Nevertheless, they did. For the dance and the dinner for eighty-two before it, which they gave for another granddaughter, the daughter of Denis Berry (whom I always, heaven help me, regard as a youngster!), was almost as attractive. Chandos House, which was to have been the "Lodge Gates" of Stowe, when the second Duke of Buckingham and Chandos tried to buy up all the land on either side of the road from Stowe to London, is probably the purest example of Robert Adam's style (plus the Angelica Kaufmann ceilings) in existence. There is a mirror overmantel in Chandos House for the possession of which I would gladly spend a few thousand extra years of purgatory. The grace of the house admirably matched the perfection of the hospitality.

An occasion which I was very sorry at the last moment to miss was the Foyle's Literary Luncheon to Miss Gladys Cooper, whose biography, *Without Veils*, by Sewell Stokes, was, I understand, most suitably celebrated by a distinguished company. When I was very young, I must confess that I found it difficult to distinguish Miss Gladys Cooper from Miss Mary Pickford (the "World's Sweetheart") and Lady Diana Duff-Cooper. Maturity has, however, enabled me to distinguish between three so admirable but so different Graces, and I can only record with regret that I was not able to hear from Sir David Eccles (a last-minute importation) his polished impromptu phrases.

Perhaps I may be curmudgeonly, but I see no reason why well-known West End hotels, which must receive a handsome butter allocation, should serve little slivers of marge (or at best mixed marge and butter) as "butter." The other day at a famous hotel not one hundred yards from Piccadilly and Berkeley Street I was presented with this nauseous compound. Now I do not for a moment mind them saying, "This is the best we can do with our ration," but I resent (just as I resent wine waiters trying to fool me) being expected to believe that the stuff is butter. On this occasion, when I protested to the Head Waiter at the insult to my intelligence, he returned almost at once with some delicious butter, which he said the chef had made himself. Very nice—but why try it on!

What a delightful breath of fresh air was the visit of Adlai Stevenson. His cracks will long be repeated and no doubt in time attributed to somebody else. I liked best: "A politician is a man who faces every situation with an open mouth"—matched some years ago by our own Mr. Douglas Jerrold's (writing of the period after World War I.): "Democratic politicians in those days believed in 'facing the facts'—a process which in practice meant doing nothing before the event and being excessively foolish after it."

Arriving at the village church of St. Mary the Virgin were the Duke of Marlborough and his second daughter, Lady Caroline Waterhouse (*centre*). The reception afterwards was at the bride's home, the Manor House, Hambleden.

Standing in the porchway after the service were (*l. to r.*) Viscount Hambleden, Princess Alexandra, Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia, the Duchess of Kent, and (*behind*) the Hon. Katherine Smith.

The Queen Mother leaves the church, followed by (*l. to r.*) Viscount Hambleden, the Hon. Richard Smith, Viscountess Hambleden, mother of the bride, Princess Margaret and the Duchess of Kent.

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY GO TO A COUNTRY WEDDING

One spectator makes sure of getting a really good view from the porch roof, but the small page eyes the crowd doubtfully as the bride and bridegroom leave the church.

It was a big occasion for the little village of Hambleden, near Henley-on-Thames, on July 27th, when the Hon. Laura Smith, daughter of the late Viscount Hambleden and of Viscountess Hambleden, married Mr. Michael Brand, son of the late Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Brand and of Lady Rosabelle Brand. Not only were the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret there, but also the Duchess of Kent with her daughter, Princess Alexandra, and Prince Nicholas and Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia. The bride, who was given away by her elder brother, the present Viscount Hambleden, was attended by her younger brother, the Hon. Philip Smith, Jeremy Sykes, James Fox, and David Smith, while the small bridesmaids were Kirstie Aitken, Veronica Henderson and Louisa Farrell. The Hon. Peter Ward, son of the Earl of Dudley, was best man.

Our Bookshelf

THE OTHER PLACE. By J. B. Priestley. (*Heinemann ; 12s. 6d.*)

CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN. By Charlotte Armstrong. (*Peter Davies ; 10s. 6d.*)

A BOOK OF TRIALS. By Sir Travers Humphreys. (*Heinemann ; 15s.*)

CRICKET MY PLEASURE. By A. A. Thomson. (*Museum Press ; 12s. 6d.*)

By Rupert Croft-Cooke

IN his new book of short stories, *The Other Place*, Mr. J. B. Priestley once again takes one's breath away—not by his brilliance or any fitful trick of inspiration, but by sheer unfailing competence. He knows exactly what he means to do (rare quality among living writers) and can do it with skill and efficiency. I can think of no writer past or present who writes with more self-confidence. There are nine stories here and all of them are in some sense concerned with the supernatural, with anomalies of time and place, with visions or illusions, according to your view. The title story might almost be an outline for one of the author's plays, a neat piece of work about a man taken to a place in which all his acquaintances become sublimated and all things radiate glory until the dreamer attempts to exploit his happiness when the vision fades. But I like best an even more Wellsian tale called *The Grey Ones* in which a man tells a psychiatrist of his fearful discovery that the regimentation of modern life, the slow destruction of individuality and the growth of ant-like conformity is not a fortuitous development, is not even a passing effect of the atomic age, but is being deliberately plotted and effected by agents of an Evil Principle who are determined to destroy humanity by reducing man to the level of insects. There is a clever denouement to this tale, not unanticipated but as a piece of plotting very satisfying. The whole book, in fact, is that.

ANOTHER kind of efficiency is that of Charlotte Armstrong in *Catch-As-Catch-Can*. This is a breathless, hell-for-leather affair which never lets up for a moment, never stops for the sake of reality, characterisation, humour or horror but presses on blindly in a wild pursuit of action and more action, flash dialogue and often quite meaningless movement. If you are caught by the thing you will not be able to put it down: and you may well be caught—if you once start reading. I was put off by poor writing and corny tricks of narrative, but I must confess that I did want to know what would happen and read on, rather shamefacedly, to the end. The story concerns the familiar large fortune left by the frequently-met old eccentric to a daughter whose existence no one had suspected. There is an attempt to convince us that a man called Clive Breen had in him a kind of evil which could be brought out by circumstances and is, in fact, brought out here by his cupidity, so that he is determined to let Laila, the heiress, die of poisoning, though she could be saved if treatment reached her in time. Her disappearance and the chase and search and nerve-racking suspense which follow these provide the matter of the book, but there are endless complications and side-currents which make the reader feel that he is being rushed along on an accelerated scenic railway for which the scenery has not yet been painted and the mechanism is out of control. Quite an experience, though.

WISDOM and judiciousness do not always appear in books by members of the legal profession who often seem to seek in print a release from the hidebound discipline of their work. But Sir Travers Humphreys in *A Book of Trials* makes one feel the full impact of a personality in which those two qualities are evident, besides a lively sympathy for and understanding of many unfortunate people he has met in a long life at the Bar. He begins by recalling three old trials. These are, first a libel action by a Victorian sculptor, then the Colin Campbell divorce case, and finally the trial of Lord Cochrane in 1814 for fraudulent conspiracy. Sir Travers then describes some trials in which he was engaged as counsel, including those of Oscar Wilde, of Kitty Byron, who was found guilty of murder; of the Reubens brothers, also executed for the murder of a seaman; of Dr. Crippen, of the Seddons, Ernest Terah Hooley, Horatio Bottomley and Brides-in-the-Bath Smith. He then recalls several cases of espionage and high treason, and has some interesting things to say about the cases of William Cooper Hobbs, Thompson and Bywaters, and the murder of P.C. Gutteridge. Finally, there are six cases tried by him, including that of John George Haigh. The book is not written for lawyers but is in good set terms, highly readable and full of good sense.

John Paddy Carstairs, author, film director and artist, is a busy man these days. His latest book, *Hope Comes on the South Wind*, a novel with a Fleet Air Arm background, is published by Hutchinson's this week. At the moment he is directing a film at Pinewood, *Trouble in Store*, starring Norman Wisdom: the cast includes Margaret Rutherford, Derek Bond and Jerry Desmonde. At the same time, he is preparing an autumn one-man collection of his paintings, to be held at the Leger Gallery in Bond Street next month.

IT takes a writer as versatile and amusing as Mr. A. A. Thomson to make a subject as specialised as cricket of interest to readers who, like me, usually yawn when the word is mentioned. But in *Cricket My Pleasure* he does the seemingly impossible: he makes those of us who have not been to Lord's since we watched our schools play there twenty or more years ago accompany him to the ground and remain gladly to hear his pithy commentary. "Why shouldn't the poor fellow go to Lord's for lunch?" he quotes his office chief as saying of him. "I don't believe in attacking a man on his religion." A religion it is with this writer, but a religion whose rites can be humorous as well as holy. Listen to this for a story: "On the platform I bought an early evening paper, because I knew that Yorkshire needed 58 and I wanted to see whether they had won by 10 wickets or 9. I glanced at the stop press news and said: 'Ridiculous.' A friendly porter came up and asked me how Essex were getting on, and I repeated 'Ridiculous,' because, although I had lived in Essex for at least four years, I could never understand how anybody could get excited over so essentially unexciting a county. I went to the bookstall and bought another paper. This confirmed the monstrous news that Yorkshire were all out: 33. I refused to believe it. I walked in a state of complete stupor up and down the platform. I bought a third paper, which gave, in smudgy print, final confirmation of the catastrophe. My train came in and went out again. What did I care? For an instant I contemplated hurling myself under the next one." I quote that as a mere sample. The book is full of gaiety and fond recollection.

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

A STRANGER CAME TO THE FARM.
By Mika Waltari. (*Putnam ; 10s. 6d.*)

THE KRAKEN WAKES.
By John Wyndham (*Joseph ; 10s. 6d.*)

WITNESS.
By Whittaker Chambers. (*Deutsch ; 21s.*)

KINGFISHERS CATCH FIRE.
By Rumer Godden. (*Macmillan ; 12s. 6d.*)

THE BICYCLE RIDER IN BEVERLY HILLS.
By William Saroyan. (*Faber & Faber ; 12s. 6d.*)

INTRODUCING SPAIN.
By Cedric Salter. (*Methuen ; 18s.*)
Useful guide book.

THE SCHIRMER INHERITANCE.
By Eric Ambler. (*Heinemann ; 12s. 6d.*)
Thriller set in post-war Greece.

WITHOUT VEILS.
By Sewell Stokes. (*Peter Davies ; 15s.*)
A pleasantly-written and illustrated biography of Miss Gladys Cooper.

NEHRU.
By D. F. Karaka. (*Verschoyle ; 10s.*)
A bitter and rather silly attempt to discredit the statesmanship of the Indian Prime Minister.

MAN BORN TO LIVE.
By Ellen Hart. (*Gollancz ; 22s. 6d.*)
Biography of Henry Dunant, founder of the Red Cross. The Princess Royal contributes a preface.

THE EMPEROR.
By Robert Payne. (*Heinemann ; 15s.*)
Historical novel set in India which completes the story begun by the author in *The Great Mogul*. Vividly staged.

DAUGHTER OF CONFUCIUS.
By Wong Su-Ling and E. H. Cressy. (*Gollancz ; 16s.*)
Autobiography of a woman, brought up in an upper middle-class Chinese family, who now lives in America.

Personality Parade—4

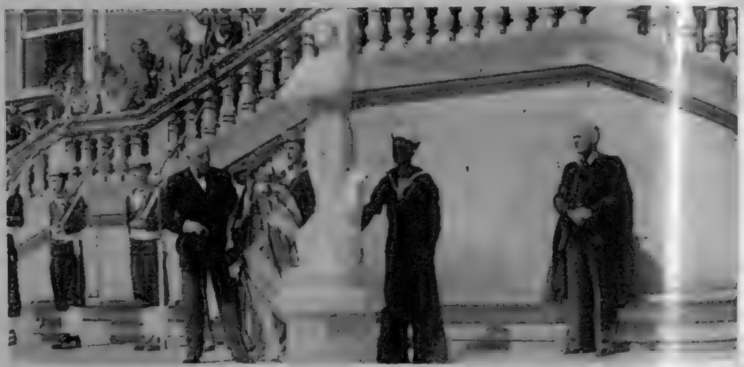
COLONEL SIR JOHN HUNT, C.B.E., D.S.O.

Photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Jitendra Arya.

All who had any part in the organisation and final glorious success of the 1953 Everest Expedition have been lavish in their praise of the man at the helm, Colonel Sir John Hunt, C.B.E., D.S.O. At forty-two he is a keen-eyed, alert man of tremendous vitality, with a military bearing that bespeaks the professional soldier. Educated at Marlborough and Sandhurst, he was commissioned in the K.R.R.C. in 1930, and during the war served as Chief Instructor with the Commando Mountain and Snow Warfare School. He saw service in Egypt, Italy and Greece, followed by command of an infantry brigade of the 4th Indian Division. More recently, he has been on the staff of S.H.A.P.E., and this month the War Office announced that Colonel Hunt has been selected for appointment as Assistant Commandant (Brigadier) of the Staff College, Camberley, from November 1.

Parents, guests and boys sitting in the sunshine on the tiered steps of the Greek Theatre, listen to the speeches and watch the prize-giving.

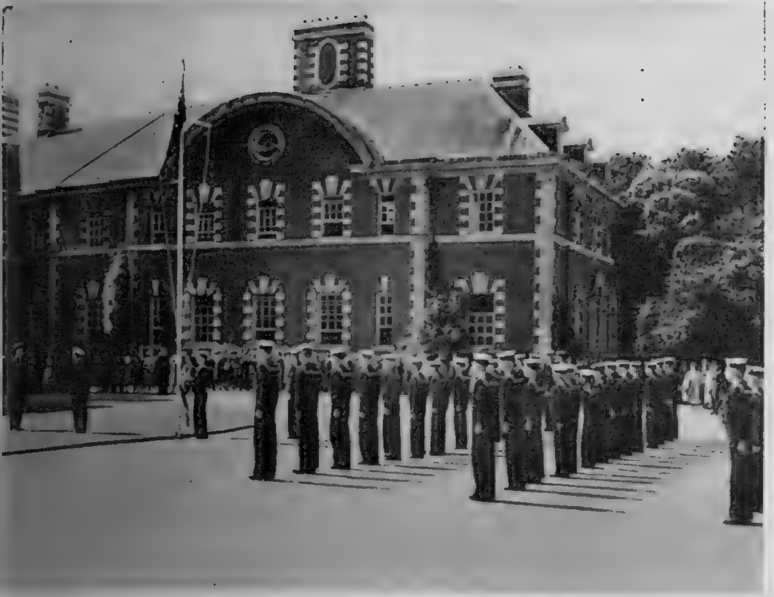
Lord Verulam laying the foundation-stone for a new music school. On left is Mr. David Briggs and behind him his father, Canon Briggs, and the headmaster, Mr. T. F. Coade.



Mr. T. F. Coade, *right*, watches as Lord Shaftesbury unveils the memorial to old boys who lost their lives in World War II. The statue is the work of the sculptor, Mr. Titus Leeser.

With the headmaster on the platform are, *l. to r.* : Sir William Hamilton Fyfe, the principal speaker ; Mr. Eric Farmer, chairman of Governors, Lady Shaftesbury, Lord Shaftesbury and Sir Edward le Breton.

Lady Shaftesbury distributed the prizes after the headmaster's speech and annual report. Here she presents a silver cup to the Head of the School for this year, Jonathan Standley.



The sun shone on the day's events, which included a parade by the school's sea-scouts, who gave a most impressive display in front of the fine old school building.

Competitors on the running-track in the extensive school grounds. Boys from Sherborne and Canford Schools were visitors to Bryanston for the "triangular" athletics match held during the afternoon.

Admiring fathers and mothers, relations and friends watching from the terrace a physical training display by boys of the school on the lawns against a background of typically English countryside.

Rowing can be hot work, but in such a setting it looks delightfully cool and pleasant : the school eight on the River Stour in the shade of the overhanging trees rest on their oars for a "breather."

Bryanston School Silver Jubilee

Saturday, July 25th, was a red-letter day in the history of Bryanston School in Dorset. Normal speech and prize-giving day events were extended to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the school. Lord Shaftesbury unveiled a memorial to old boys of the school who lost their lives in World War II., and Lady Shaftesbury distributed the year's prizes. A foundation-stone for a new music school, to be built by the boys under the supervision of one of the masters, Mr. David Briggs, was laid by Lord Verulam. Before placing it in position, Lord Verulam had set in the masonry a lead box containing a programme of activities connected with the school's anniversary ; a badge bearing the Bryanston coat of arms ; a Coronation year 5s. piece, and Dr. Vaughan Williams's specially composed music score, written for the occasion. The war memorial, representing a youth on the threshold of life, was carved in Dorset stone by Mr. Titus Leeser, who also modelled the bronze head of the headmaster, Mr. T. F. Coade, presented to him by the Old Bryanstonian Association.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by S. F. James.

On behalf of the Old Bryanstonian Association, its chairman, Dr. G. S. Udall, a governor of the school, presents a bronze head of the headmaster to Mr. Coade. It was sculpted by Mr. Leeser, who joined with the old boys in making the gift.

★ At the Theatre ★

with J. C. Trewin

Carrington, V.C.
(Westminster)

CAPTAIN BLUNTSCHLI, of *Arms and the Man*, has been promoted to Major C. O. P. ("Copper") Carrington, V.C., D.S.O., Royal Artillery. There is only one noticeable connection between the two parts. Alec Clunes has played them in succession, and given to each his special quiet charm and air of complete truth. "Convincing" is one of the most ludicrously-hackneyed words in dramatic criticism. It ranks with such horrors as "clear-cut cameo" and "on the distaff side." Still, in a way, it is a compliment to Mr. Clunes that one is forced to use it. The great merit of his Carrington is that it does indeed "convince": we do not feel for a moment that we are watching Alec Clunes, but that this is Major Carrington himself, that he did ride on that afternoon at Sandown, that he is married to an intolerably selfish wife, and that we have before us an accurate statement of the court martial in the barracks at Crayshott. Obviously, the authors of the play, Major-General Campbell Christie and Mrs. Christie, must have our thanks; but it would be quite possible for an actorish actor, highly self-conscious, to smother the truth of Carrington's part, and in so doing to turn the piece from a continuously exciting drama to a cold and technical court-martial "document." Thanks to Mr. Clunes, we are persuaded at once; the rest of the play follows naturally.

A court martial is something uncommon in the modern theatre. It has often been said that any play with a feasible trial scene begins with a genuine chance of success. We had had (so it appeared) almost every possible variant, served on innumerable stage juries, listened to innumerable summings-up. But *Carrington, V.C.*, does offer a fresh tribunal. What is more, General and Mrs. Christie have devised a human and credible story to fill the court-martial framework.

Here, of course, I cannot say much about the court martial itself. Ten minutes before the play ended at the Westminster, its first-night audience was still sitting in happy suspense—a state rarely achieved in the theatre. What would happen to Carrington? What would be the effect of his wife's evidence? How would the tribunal take the evidence of the singularly unlikeable Colonel Henniker? And so on. Playgoers will not expect me to answer these questions. I remain dour and mum.

It is possible to say that General and Mrs. Christie have provided On the Distaff Side—for let me get in all the phrases—one of the grimmest parts for an actress that we can well imagine. It is an over-written part. Still, why worry? Mrs. Carrington is the main reason why "Copper" comes before the court martial on a charge (among other things) of fraudulent misapplication of military funds. She is extravagant, jealous, selfish, a compact little bundle of vices, and quite the worst wife for Carrington that one would have nominated. Rachel Gurney acts her faithfully (we shall never harp again upon Miss Gurney as a player of sympathetic parts), and there is one point in the performance when it seems improbable that she will be allowed to leave the theatre alive.

Others in the cast—a long one—act with sharp verisimilitude. (If you really must have it, all their Cameos are Clear-Cut.) Arnold Bell and Allan Cuthbertson are particularly telling as the President of the Court and as the sour, stinging-nettle Colonel. Even the two reporters, "lobbying" with misplaced zeal, are acted acceptably. I am not prepared at the moment to argue about them; alas, odd things can happen in E.C.4.

The entire piece, then, is well under control. Certainly, *Carrington, V.C.*, is the most stimulating modern play we have met for months. We can take it as a theatrical story, as an exhibition of court-martial procedure, or (a word for the more serious-minded) as a comment on Army pay rates. Personally, I admire it as a dramatic narrative. Its weakest passage is the Arms and the Woman entanglement; but that was inevitable, and Jenny Laird gets over her part without faltering. Charles Hickman is the producer. Since we are not conscious of his production, it is clearly a good one.

PETER PRATT.

DARRELL FANCOURT.

HAIL—AND FAREWELL

A feature of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company's season at Sadler's Wells has been the remarkable success of Peter Pratt (*above, left*, as Jack Point in *The Yeomen of the Guard*) in the Gilbert and Sullivan "Grossmith" (or "Lytton") parts. But as we hail the promise of Peter Pratt we must bid a regretful farewell, after more than thirty years, to Darrell Fancourt, one of the most famous Savoyards of his time. He is seen (*above, right*) as the Mikado of Japan, the rôle in which he has just made his farewell appearance with the D'Oyly Carte Company.

The Man With Expensive Tastes
(Vaudeville)

I HAD no idea, until I saw this "crime play," that Mill Hill was so sinister a district. An outer suburb of deceptive serenity: who can have imagined the truth—revealed here with enthusiasm by Edward Percy and Lilian Denham? Somewhere in the middle of Mill Hill a scientific forger has been hypnotising himself (and his daughter); a master-crook has been carrying a lethal weapon in a prayer-book; and a young Corsican knife-thrower has been practising her art. According to the authors (who must have studied the subject profoundly), all of this is quite normal. You combine the functions (official) of a graphologist, and (unofficial) of a forger. You are surrounded by orchids; your brother upstairs has a remarkable collection of typewriters; and you are in close touch with an international crime-ring conducted by the Five Intaglios. In other words, you are a resident of Mill Hill. How happy I am to live in law-abiding Hampstead! In this piece—or, shall I say, this exposure?—the Admirable Crichton of forgers is impersonated by George Curzon with gentle ease; and Peter Bull is everything we should expect as a fellow named "Monsieur Onyx," who was once President of the Oxford Union, but who is not the English chaplain at Lille. (For explanation, I refer you with haste to the proceedings at the Vaudeville.)

It will be enough, I think, if I set down—as they come—some of the notes scribbled on my programme during the première of the "crime play." Here, for example:

"A man's first five thousand is always the hardest to make."

"As an old Canon I've degenerated into a mere billiard-ball." (Incredulous laughter.)

Corsican knife-throwing waif in home of man whose handwriting test hanged father.

"Our Organisation Expects Success."

The last statement, you will observe, is one of those meaning, sinister remarks that must have capital letters. A good deal of the piece is meaning and sinister. We expect it to be, and if some of it seems to mean less than it should, the fault may be the listener's. The authors have certainly worked hard enough, and they deserve our gratitude for this fierce and revealing ray upon London, N.W.

The Yeomen of the Guard
(Sadler's Wells)

THE Gilbert-and-Sullivan season, just ended in London, has been in some ways the happiest for years. It has shown to us, among much else, that Peter Pratt has the quality of a great Savoyard. One hesitates before saying that kind of thing. It would be odd to look back across the decades; to find how many wholly ephemeral plays, performances, books, films, have been hailed in their time as wonderful, unforgettable—all the major epithets. At once they have been forgotten, buried in the dusty files. Superlatives can be meaningless. Even so, I do not hesitate to say now that Peter Pratt, in time to come, will justify all that is being written about him in Gilbert-and-Sullivan. This season I have seen him as the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Plaza-Toro, Ko-Ko and Jack Point; and he has risen with each new performance. (The Lord Chancellor, vocally blurred now and then, was maybe the least of the four.) Jack Point is a terrifying part. An average routine showing will not do; Point cannot be skimble-skambled. Peter Pratt acts it with nimbleness, delicacy, pathos: he holds the last minutes as well as I have known them held.

The rest of the production was sound enough. Darrell Fancourt was as commanding as usual as Sergeant Meryll, his least grateful part in the Gilbert-and-Sullivan range. I am glad to think that I have seen and heard him once more as the Mikado, something (and again let us be dogmatic) that cannot sift away the oblivion. No doubt we shall forget Sergeant Meryll, but I am sure we shall remember the Mikado, and Sir Roderic Murgatroyd, Baronet, of Ruddigore.

King Lear

"Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of stone!"
King Lear (Michael Redgrave) carries in the dead body of Cordelia (Yvonne Mitchell) still with the marks of the rope about her neck (*"I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee."*)

The 1953 Stratford Season

This year the protean stage of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre turns, at will, to Venice and Belmont, Rome and Alexandria, Padua and the country near it, late fifteenth-century London, and the castles and heaths of Ancient Britain. In other words, it is a five-play Festival—and one of the most successful for years—that covers two of the major tragedies, two of the comedies, and a historical chronicle.

The choice of the history is especially apt this year. Collectors have been able, for the first time in decades, to cover the entire Shakespearian Wars of the Roses. (Sir Barry Jackson's Birmingham Repertory Company has done the rarely-acted three parts of *Henry the Sixth* at the Old Vic; and here now, at Stratford, is the culminating play in which Richard of Gloucester finds the ensanguined path to Bosworth.) Marius Goring, the Richard of Glen Byam Shaw's production, contrives to be everything that Margaret of Anjou calls him in the heartiest of

Photographs by Angus McBean.

[*Continued overleaf.*

King Richard the Third

Richard of Gloucester (Marius Goring) listens, unmoved, to Queen Margaret's curse. "*O, let me make the period to my curse!*" she cries: and Richard answers: "*'Tis done by me; and ends in—Margaret.*" Between them stands the Duke of Buckingham (Harry Andrews); and behind Margaret is Queen Elizabeth (Rachel Kempson), so soon to be widowed and to take her place with the other former Queens of England who must stand aside and lament the bloody progress of Gloucester to the Throne.

The Stratford

Shakespearean curses—and this although the performance is lighter in key than usual.

As a contrast, Mr. Goring is an uncommonly compelling Petruchio in a production of *The Shrew* that might well be seen in London. Here we have more than a hint that Petruchio and his not-so-shrewish Kate (Yvonne Mitchell) are in love from the first. The whole production, directed by George Devine, is set, most craftily, in a decorative Elizabethan hall. Christopher Sly, for whose benefit the play is acted, is always there or thereabouts, and he sees for once a thoroughly good performance.

The two major tragedies are *Antony and Cleopatra* and *King Lear*. Glen Byam Shaw—co-director of the Festival—produces the first of these, a play of which he has had long experience—and Peggy Ashcroft, acting against her temperament, has astonished everyone with a Cleopatra as notable as any we have had in our time. Michael Redgrave, in his progress through the Shakespeare leads has the measure of Antony. For

The Merchant of Venice

In the "strict Court of Venice" Shylock (Michael Redgrave) is still confident of success. At Portia's words, "*For the intent and purpose of the law hath full relation to the penalty . . .*" Shylock bends to kiss the robe of the "*young doctor of Rome*" (Peggy Ashcroft is Portia). In the background the Duke of Venice (Philip Morant) waits, for the moment helpless. But, when he speaks again, it is in triumph. Shylock's case is lost, though he does not yet realise that Portia will win by a legal quibble; that the bond she flourishes "doth give thee here no jot of blood . . . nor cut thou less But just a pound of flesh."

Antony and Cleopatra

"I am dying, Egypt, dying!" Antony (Michael Redgrave) looks his last upon Cleopatra (Peggy Ashcroft) when he lies, mortally wounded, upon the Queen's monument of Alexandria. The Queen's attendants, Charmian and Iras, look on from the shadows. Within a moment Antony will be dead, and Cleopatra, knowing that her own end must be near, breaks into the great lament: *"O, wither'd is the garland of the war. The soldiers' pole is fal'n. . . . And there is nothing left remarkable Beneath the visiting moon."*

Season (contd.)

the first time, too, he assaults the great citadel of King Lear (the production here is George Devine's), and it is generally agreed that the height of his performance is the scene in which, crowned with "rank fumiter and furrow-weed," he meets the blinded Gloucester in that famous colloquy near Dover.

Mr. Redgrave is also Shylock in a production of *The Merchant of Venice* by Denis Carey (of the Bristol Old Vic), a Shakespearean who never imposes himself upon his author. Here again Peggy Ashcroft takes the evening with a Portia that miraculously combines the lady of Belmont and the "young Doctor of Rome."

Harry Andrews, the Antonio, is now the actor for whom the Stratford playgoers look regularly. This season he has passed from the *Merchant of Venice* to the "deep-revolving, witty Buckingham," to an Enobarbus who can speak "the barge she sat in" without making it appear an obvious purple patch, and to a Kent (in the phrase once used of another actor) of "plain and uncoined constancy."

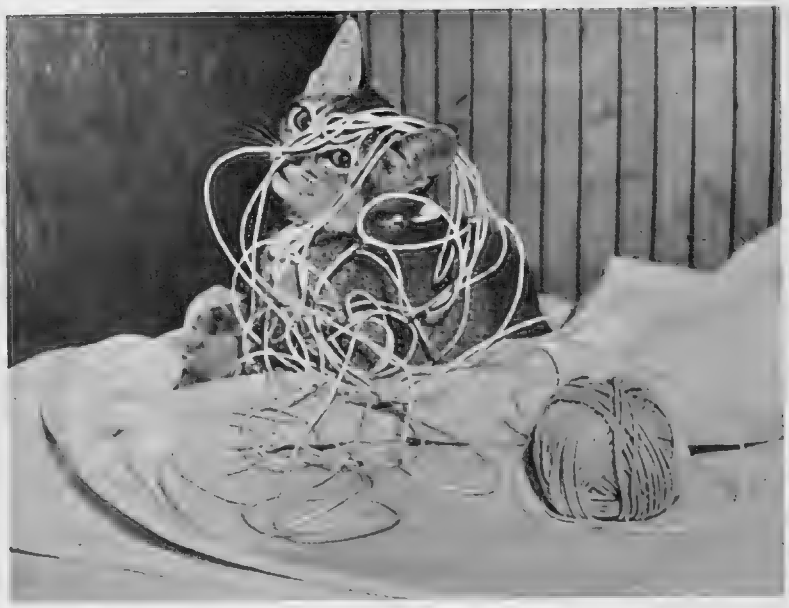
The Taming of the Shrew

"Was ever match clapt up so suddenly?" Petruchio, the young gallant from Verona, sweeping like a tornado into Baptista's house at Padua, has won the shrewish Katharina for his bride. Katharina (Yvonne Mitchell: left) is still overcome; her father, Baptista (Noel Howlett), is only too glad to get it over (*"God send you joy, Petruchio! 'Tis a match"*); and Petruchio (Marius Goring) about to cry: *"Kiss me, Kate! We will be married o' Sunday!"* Behind Katharina stands Christopher Sly, the drunken tinker (Michael Warre), for whose benefit the play of the *Shrew* is being presented in a richly-decorated Elizabethan hall.

Cats with Fine Lives

in Westminster Show

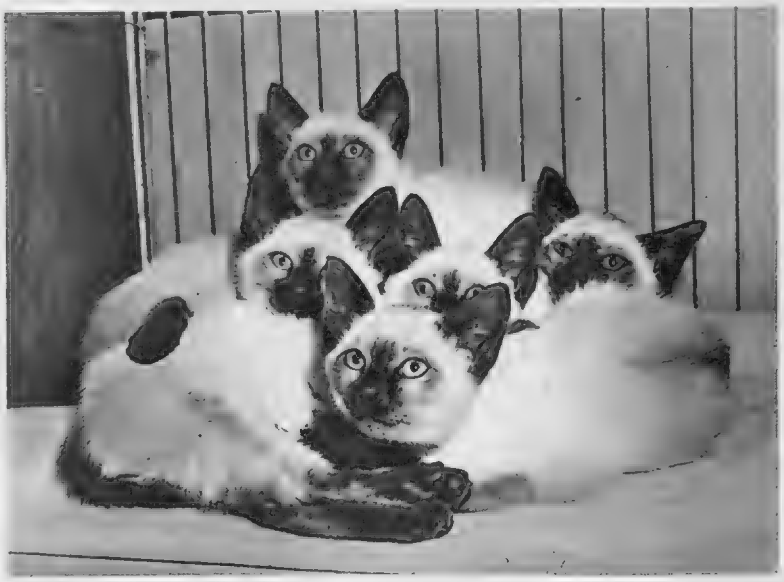
These delightful pictures were taken at the Kensington Kitten and Neuter Cat Club's Coronation Year Show at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, on July 31st. *Below* is a litter of kittens belonging to Mrs. M. Turney, of Berks. *Top right* is an Abyssinian cat *Contented Amigo*, owned by Miss F. Bone, of Billericay, Essex. *Right, centre*, two pets owned by Mrs. A. F. Vize, of The Orchard, Bolters Lane, Banstead, Surrey, share the same basket while waiting for the judges. The cat, a Blue Persian, is called *My Own Cæsar*, and the parrot, *Cleopatra*. *Lower right:* A beautiful litter of Siamese kittens belonging to Mr. G. Knight, of Northants.



"I'd love to come, but I'm all tied up." It's amazing what some people regard as funny. I was sitting here, perfectly happy, but someone has to come along and get me all snarled up.

Yes, you heard aright. That's *Cæsar* asleep there, and I'm *Cleopatra*. And you needn't drag up that old thing about "Had Cleopatra's nose been shorter . . ." I know it by heart.

"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage . . ." Then what's keeping us in? We've been climbing all over the place, looking for the door. It must be somewhere!



"All eyes and ears," did you say? Well, what's extraordinary about that? We're country cousins—only came out this year, and you know what one's first season is like. It's all a little over-powering.

"I HAVE DEFINITELY ESTABLISHED, SIR, THAT THIS IS NOT COLONEL BORIS IN DISGUISE."

Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by Anton.

Police have their work cut out, trying to keep the crowd of 25,000 behind the boundary lines.

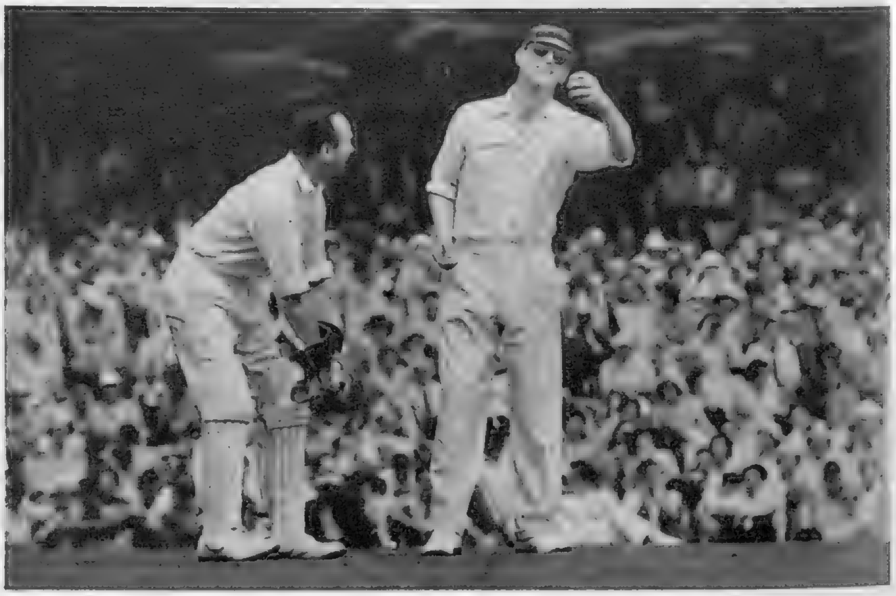
The Duke of Edinburgh returning after making 18 runs in twelve minutes. He was bowled by G. Cox.

Tossing for innings : The Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Norfolk before the start of play. His Royal Highness won the toss.

The Duke of Norfolk going out to bat. He was clean-bowled by the Duke of Edinburgh after making 4 runs.

Distinguished Cricketers at Arundel

More than £2300 was raised for the National Playing Fields Association, of which the Duke of Edinburgh is President, in the spirited cricket match held at Arundel Castle on Sunday, August 2nd. The Duke of Norfolk's team, consisting mainly of Sussex players, beat their opponents who, except for the Duke of Edinburgh and his Private Secretary, Lieut.-Commander Michael Parker, were all former England cricketers, by 7 runs. A crowd estimated at between 25,000 and 30,000 were delighted with the Duke of Edinburgh's efforts. Besides clean bowling the Duke of Norfolk with what looked like a tricky off-break, he caught C. Oakes in the slips by leaping at a ball which was flashing past at shoulder height. His agility brought a terrific cheer from the spectators and the play kept them alternately laughing and applauding throughout the day.



The Duke of Edinburgh places his field for his own bowling, during which he wore dark glasses and an I Zingari cap.

SEEKING THE WIND AT COWES

Mr. Uffa Fox at the helm of the Duke of Edinburgh's yacht *Coweslip* in a flat calm during a race on August 4th. Competitors in the week's events were certainly put through their paces by the changeable winds—the day after the above picture was taken a strong westerly wind caused many dismastings and split sails, and at least one broken boom. The fine weather brought sightseers in tremendous numbers, reminiscent of the Cowes Weeks of King George V.'s days, and many enthusiastic spectators followed the Duke of Edinburgh's progress in the various races.

The Nelson Pillar, in Sackville Street, with the G.P.O. building on the right.

CANDID COMMENTARY: By CREDENDUS

Dublin Revisited

A corner of St. Stephen's Green, said to be the largest city square in Ireland and recognised as certainly the finest.

Typical of the more beautiful aspects of Dublin architecture: A doorway in Kildare Street.

A FEW days in Dublin is as good as a tonic. Nothing seems to change. All the old oddities, quirks, charms and eccentricities were on view. The beggars were as importunate as ever. Grafton Street was still a cousin of Bond Street. Road names advertised their identity in Gaelic for the benefit of a people who are not interested in their native tongue. The red-brick and iron balconies lent an air of faded Georgian opulence. Dublin is a dignified capital with mud on its boots. It bears traces of the regality of Edinburgh, the elegance of Bath, and the slums of Paris, all mixed with a self-conscious sophistication that continually threatens to become rustic.

But however varied the background, it was colourless against the Irish themselves. In a matter of forty-eight hours I encountered sadness and gaiety, religiosity and profanity, exaggeration and understatement . . . a brew of effervescent potentialities. At heart the genuine Dubliner is Bohemian. Personal appearance and worldly goods are ranked lower in the scale of values than ready wit and a lively tongue. Satire is an Irish talent. I joined a party of Irishmen and before the evening was over every subject discussed had been approached from opposing points of view. Arguments became outrageous. Epigrammatic gems reminiscent of Sheridan and Oscar Wilde flashed in extravagant fashion.

In Dublin I found groups of embryonic literary giants gathered under the shadow of Irish genius. They were pale abstractions of what they sought to mirror, but the urge was real. As an Englishman I found much of their philosophy unintelligible. I became lost in the vague lyricism and Celtic twilight. The note of melancholy and highly-Latinised English of Joyce is confusing, though, in essence, it is a true reflection of one aspect of the Irish nature. Joyce had no respect for the English tongue, yet he brought to life the idle chatter of washerwomen by the Liffey and the atmosphere of Dublin squares and beery streets with the same gusto as veiled obscenities and euphuistic word-play. I suppose the non-analytical mind of an Englishman finds the influence of W. B. Yeats easier to appreciate.

Politically, I find Dublin immature. Wrongs die hard in Ireland. Political wrongs never die. Whenever I discuss England with Irish friends I feel as if I have been exquisitely operated on for a disease I never had. I almost become infected by the hatred for the English. There is nothing personal about the hatred. Only on rare occasions does it find full expression, and then the emotion is usually stimulated by Irish whiskey and native love of an argument. From an English point of view Irish leaders have yet to achieve a sense of historical perspective. The past is never allowed to

Sketches by Susan Benson

". . . All the old oddities, quirks, charms and eccentricities were on view."

"... At the Dublin Horse Show you see the truest contemporary picture of Irish country life—the cream of Irish horses, men and women."

Small in size but great in theatrical stature the world-famous Abbey Theatre.

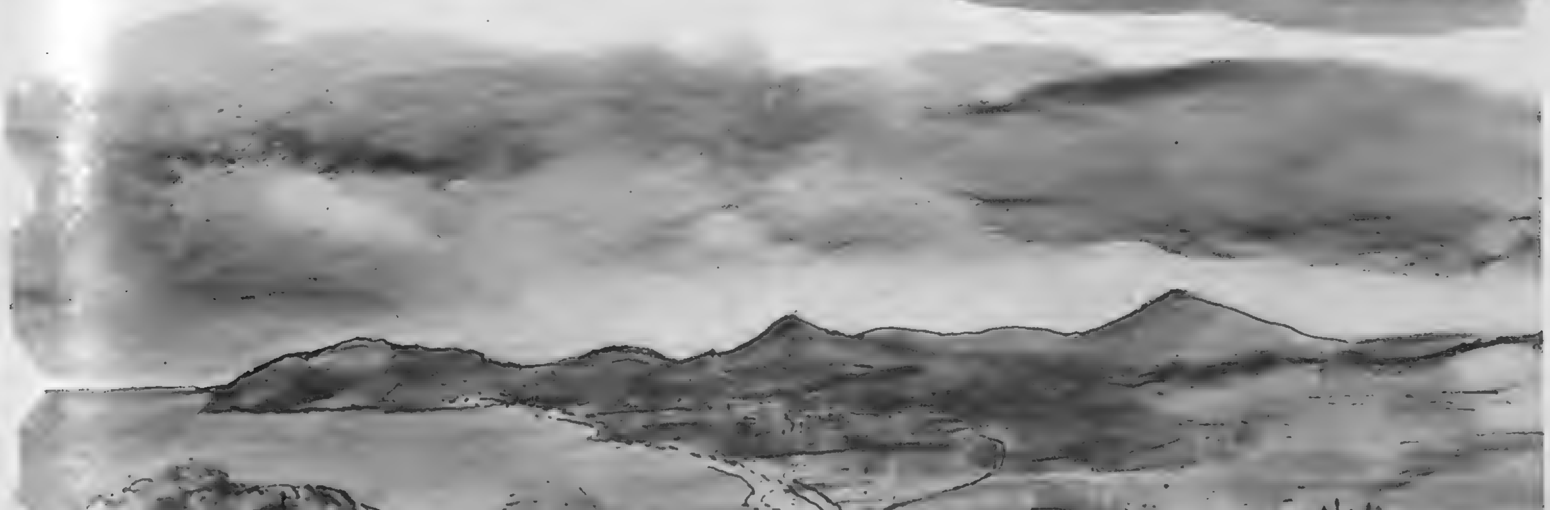
fade. The incidents of the Cromwell campaign are used as contemporary evidence. In that sense England and Ireland will for ever be incompatible.

Another side of Dublin is reflected in the stones of Trinity College, which are steeped in scholarship. Here lies the richest proof of Irish antiquity—the Book of Kells, the most valuable tome in the world. The work of an unknown Irish monk, its pages were penned in exquisite fashion in an abbey founded by St. Columba at Kells, in Meath. The world from which it came can still be seen in the strangely beautiful ruin of Glendalough, over 1000 years old.

So much for an æsthetic evaluation of the past. When it comes to an appreciation of the present, the common Irish denominator that ignores class and frontiers is the horse. I maintain that at the Dublin Horse Show you see the truest contemporary picture of Irish country life. All the counties are represented . . . the cream of Irish horses, men and women. The air is friendly. The women have caught up at last with fashion. Banks of flowers . . . somewhere in the distance a band is playing . . . brood mares with shy, velvety foals . . . the Bloodstock Paddock . . . the auctioneering, with spirited yearlings that promise so much . . . lean young men who swear by *Ruff's Guide to the Turf* . . . the parade of inter-Hunt teams . . . the judging rings. There is nothing like Horse Show week—by day or night. Everyone becomes bewitched and political animosity is forgotten.

There are two clocks in Dublin. One tells the time by the passage of minutes: the other is an introspective mirage of the centuries. A few miles away in the Wicklow Mountains I found the clock put back in different fashion. Here was the heart of Ireland. Against a background of peat bogs, the smell of turf fires, and folk-lore of the cluricaun and the pooka, were Irishmen content to look back instead of forward. The earth remembered her past, and the recollection was happy. It is a characteristic that I as an Englishman find difficult to understand. The nearest I get to comprehension is something in a minor key that is never quite heard . . . like the heavy rustle of whispered prayer seeping through transepts . . . the noise of leaves in a summer evening.

The famous O'Connell Statue in Sackville Street.



A lovely Irish view near Dublin: Kilkenny Bay and Bray Head.

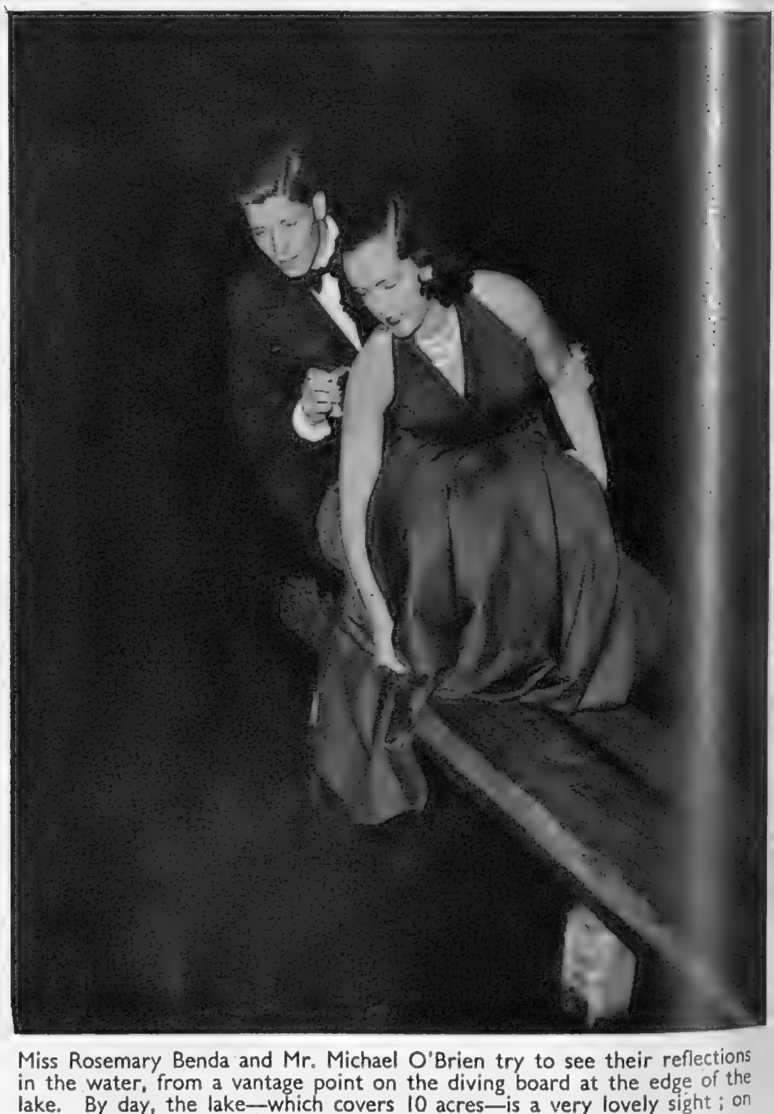
A Coming-out Party for Miss Jill Holland

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Holland with their daughter Jill, for whom the dance was given, and son Geoffrey, waiting to receive guests. Miss Jill Holland, who celebrated her eighteenth birthday on August 10th, was presented at the first Court this year. Her brother, who is seventeen, is at Eton and will be there for one more year.

One of the prettiest and most successful of this season's coming-out parties was that given by Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Holland for their daughter Jill at Wylds, their lovely Hampshire home, on July 31st. Dancing was in a ballroom decorated with distinctive murals, and in the spacious grounds of the 240-acre estate guests strolled in a specially-constructed beer-garden and listened to the music of an accordionist. The gardens and the island on the 10-acre lake were floodlit, and the trees were strung with fairy lights. Mr. Holland has another very large estate—a 2000-acre ranch in British Columbia. His daughter Jill, who has recently left her finishing school in Switzerland, plans to start on a course of dress-designing in the autumn.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by A. V. Swaebe.

Dancing in front of a mural depicting a scene from *Carmen* are Miss Susan Birnie and Mr. John Smiley. Outside, the beautiful gardens and the island on the lake were floodlit, and fairy lights were strung through the trees. A strolling accordionist provided a background of music.



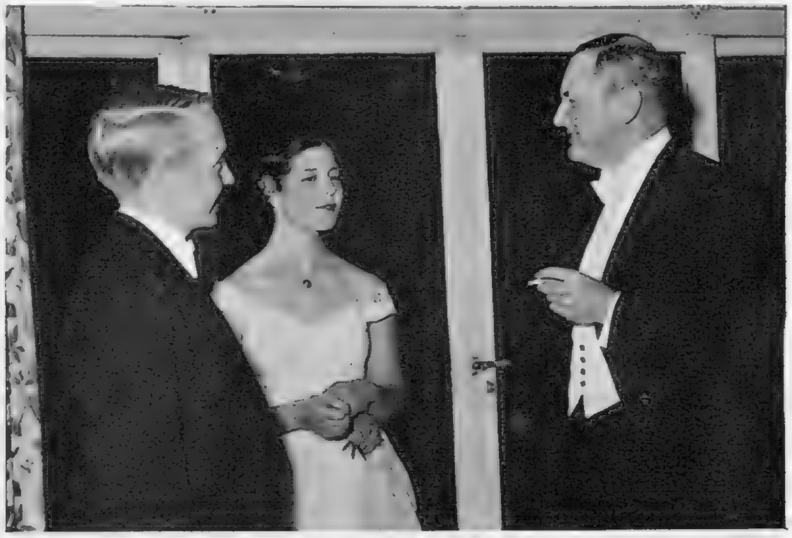
Miss Rosemary Benda and Mr. Michael O'Brien try to see their reflections in the water, from a vantage point on the diving board at the edge of the lake. By day, the lake—which covers 10 acres—is a very lovely sight; on the evening of the party, it borrowed a floodlit beauty.

Miss Daphne Beazley, wearing a very pretty pearl-encrusted gown with a matching chiffon stole, dances with Mr. D. Blacker.

Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham laughs at Mr. Alastair Smith Maxwell's efforts to balance his champagne as they stroll together.

Pretty, dark-haired Miss Christina Duncan with her partner, Mr. Anthony Cochrane, after a dance.

Animal, vegetable or mineral ? A problem for, *l. to r.*: Miss Jean Harcourt Powell, Mr. Tom Rose, Lieut. Nigel Hacking, Mr. Robin Pringle-Wright, Mr. Peter Sussman, Miss Rosamund Orpen and Mr. Chris Hacking.


Standing by the french windows which open on to the lovely gardens and look out across the lawns to the lake, Mr. Robin Skelton, Miss Sasha Durlacher and Captain Padre T. E. Podger are obviously enjoying their conversation.

Between dances, Mr. Tim Berington and Miss Gretchen Graebner find themselves a pretty corner of the conservatory in which to sit and enjoy a quiet talk.

Major L. I. T. Whitaker is surrounded, but seems to be thoroughly enjoying the situation. Facing him is Mrs. J. N. McClean ; at his side are, *left*, Mrs. A. F. Croyton, and *right*, Mrs. L. I. T. Whitaker.

At the end of the evening : a very happy Miss Jill Holland hears congratulations on her successful dance from Miss Jenny Armour, *right*, and Miss Jane Roberts-West.

Photographed by Cecil Beaton.

MISS ZANDRA HAMBRO

One of the prettiest of this season's debutantes is Miss Zandra Hambro, daughter of Mrs. Alec Hambro and the late Mr. Alec Hambro. Miss Hambro, who is a very good horsewoman and loves the countryside around her mother's home in Cornwall, is also a very clever illustrator—possibly an inherited talent, as she is the niece of Mr. Cecil Beaton. Her mother, who before her marriage was Miss Baba Beaton, is in London with her daughter for the season.

JULY 23rd.—DEBUTANTE. Just received this photograph of Miss Jennifer Lawton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wellesley Lawton, of Cape Town, who was presented on July 16th.

JULY 23rd.—RETINUE. When Lady Marye Pepys, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Cottenham, married the Hon. Luke White, son of Lord and Lady Annaly, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, her sisters, the Ladies Davina and Gillian Pepys, were among her ten attendants.

JULY 23rd.—JUMPING. At the International Horse Show, White City, Field Marshal Sir John Harding presents the Prince of Wales Cup to Mr. W. H. White, captain of the winning British team. Also shown (*l. to r.*) are Miss Pat Smythe, Mr. Peter Robeson and Lieut.-Colonel Harry Llewellyn.

JULY 23rd.—CHRISTENING IN THE CRYPT. Sir Hartley Shawcross, Q.C., and Lady Shawcross pose with their baby son Hume, who was christened in the Crypt Chapel at the House of Commons.

Notes and Pictures from

Our Social Diary

THE Duchess of Kent took Princess Alexandra and Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia to the International Horse Show at the White City for the evening performance on July 21st; the Duchess looked charming in a flowery frock as she walked into the arena with the Duke of Beaufort to present the Moscow Challenge Cup to the winner of the Hack Championship. Sir Nigel Colman was proudly watching the splendid performance put up by his grand little hackney *Black Magic*; others about were Colonel Sir Dermot McMorrough Kavanagh, Lord Irwin and Lady Ravensdale.

Down at the Hurlingham Club, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Pollen had a coming-out dance for their daughter Anne, who, like many others this season, is in the throes of a secretarial course. Mothers chaperoning daughters included Lady Anne Fummi with Miss Francesca Fummi, Mrs. Anthony Harford and Miss Caroline Harford, and Mrs. John Churchill and Miss Sally Churchill, who did her "debbing" last year.

JULY 22nd.—Encountered Lady Beddoe-Rees, who told us that the children's dancing matinee given recently by pupils of Miss Dorice Stainer at the Adelphi for the Children's Aid Society raised nearly £1000. Among debs. working hard selling programmes were Miss Gillian Cecil, daughter of Lady Mary Burghley, who was chairman of the committee, Lady Harriott Pleydell-Bouverie and Miss Eila Graham Wigan.

Watched the Royal River Pageant from the roof of the Savoy—on the next-door roof-top Mr. C. M. Vignoles, Managing Director of Shell Mex, and his wife had a large party happily sheltered from the drizzle by gay striped awnings. We noticed Lord Douglas of Kirtleside, Lord and Lady Howe, Sir Hugh Casson, of Coronation decorations fame, Lord and Lady Brabazon and Mr. and Mrs. Anthony de Rothschild. On the opposite side of the Thames we could just see the Queen taking the salute from the Festival Hall pier. Heading the procession, which ranged from historical to commercial tableaux, came the Lord Mayor,

[Continued overleaf.

JULY 25th.—BENEATH THE SWORDS. Lady Antonia Crichton, sister of the Earl of Erne, and her bridegroom, Sub-Lieut. Timothy Wardell, leave St. Peter's, Eaton Square, after their marriage.

JULY 30th.—AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER. Miss Philippa Tennyson d'Eyncourt married Mr. Nigel Nicolson, M.P., son of Sir Harold and Lady Nicolson.

JULY 30th.—WEDDING. Miss Sarah Macmillan, daughter of Mr. Harold Macmillan, M.P., and Lady Dorothy Macmillan, and Mr. Andrew Heath were married at St. Giles's Church, Horsted Keynes.

AUGUST 1st.—ROYAL SOUTHAMPTON YACHT CLUB'S REGATTA AT COWES. Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Oliveira set off for *Black Pearl*.

AUGUST 1st.—AT THE ISLAND YACHT CLUB. Mr. and Mrs. Patrick de Laszlo prepare to board their *Grania* for the "Flying Fifteen" race at Cowes.

AUGUST 2nd.—ALSO ENJOYING COWES WEEK. Mr. Max Aitken, son of Lord Beaverbrook, and his wife cruising about in their yacht *Lumberjack*.

Our Social Diary (contd.)

Sir Rupert De la Bère, in the State barge; about 150 boats were listed as taking part in the sail-past, but it was whispered that one small vessel was a non-starter, having had a mild collision down-stream.

Mrs. Clark Gable had a terrific party for her niece Miss Loretta Bleck, at Lord Astor's house in Upper Grosvenor Street; she was off abroad shortly afterwards. The Duchess of Argyll was one of the smartest in black-and-white, Mrs. Gerald Legge came in one of her famous tulle crinolines—deep red this time—and Lord Queensberry provided a fashion note by appearing in a light-blue dinner jacket.

Colonel Clive Temperley lent his lovely house, Juniper Place, near Reigate, for an extremely jolly coming-out dance given by Mrs. Maurice Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, who lives in Derbyshire, and Mrs. Charles Russell, from Sussex, for their respective daughters, Elizabeth Fiennes and Julian Russell. Lady Kathleen Birnie, Lady Anne Holland-Martin and Mrs. Ronald Senior were some who gave dinner-parties; the tireless young included the Ladies Malvina Murray, Amabel Yorke and Jennifer Bernard, and Lords Pollington, Lumley and Waterford. There was dancing by moonlight on a specially laid floor in the woods, a midnight bonfire, and a most intriguing cabaret in the form of a wayward donkey which, on closer inspection, turned out to be Mr. Fiennes as the front half, and his daughter Elizabeth playing the proverbial hind-legs. Watching its antics were Lady Rose Bligh, Miss Gillian Cecil and Miss Joanna Grant, Lady Tweedsmuir's daughter, Mr. George Lane-Fox, Mr. John Lucas-Tooth and Mr. Henry Villiers. Lots of people fetched their supper from the marquee and ate it sitting round the lily pond—Mr. Christopher Snow was one of several who went a little *too* close and managed to fall in! Others, including Lord Stormont, made their way inland to a rustic hut "in another part of the forest" for beer and German sausages.

JULY 23rd.—Diplomatic parties seemed to be going on everywhere. At the Portuguese Embassy in Belgrave Square, Dr. Ulrich, the retiring Ambassador, and his wife Dona Genoveva de Lima Ulrich, who is a clever playwright and poetess, gave a farewell reception. Princess Marie Louise was there, also Lord Beauchamp . . . Field-Marshal Sir John Harding, C.I.G.S., and Lady Harding mingled with all the Middle Eastern ambassadors at another party, given by the Egyptian Ambassador and Madame Hakki to celebrate the first anniversary of Egypt's independence. . . . A further celebration, this time in honour of the birthday of Emperor Haile Selassie I., was held at the newly-decorated Ethiopian Embassy by the Ambassador, when the guests included the Soviet Ambassador, M. Malik, Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn Lloyd and Sir Jocelyn Lucas.

JULY 24th.—With the season creeping to its end, debs. have had to go further afield for their pleasures, as the final fling of parties has been mostly in the country. Mrs. Guy Lawrence had a really splendid dance for her daughter, Miss Dawn Lawrence, at their home, Little

ULY 30th.—GOODWOOD RACES I. Mrs. ock Skeffington, who is married to Lord Massereene's only son, talking to Mr. Peter hrale on the third day at Goodwood.

JULY 30th.—GOODWOOD RACES II. Lady George Scott, artist sister-in-law of the Duke of Buccleuch, on her way to the paddock accompanied by Mr. Charles Forrester.

AUGUST 1st. — ROYAL PRIZE-WINNER. Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, pictured here riding *Arquebuse*, won two silver cups during a national horse show at The Hague.

AUGUST 3rd. — WINNERS OF THE 6-METRE YACHT EVENT. Miss Catherine Colville, who lives in Buckinghamshire, and Mr. Simon Preston standing by Mr. K. H. Preston's *Titia*.

AUGUST 3rd.—MORE YACHTSMEN. Mr. J. G. Thomas, Vice-Commodore of Oxford University Yacht Club, and Mr. D. N. Hamilton, also of O.U.Y.C., who won the "Flying Fifteen" race.

Easton Manor, near Dunmow, in Essex. Their house-party included Miss Belinda Brooks, Miss Caroline Clive, Miss Virginia Ann Todd, on a visit from America, Mr. Kerry St. Johnstone, Mr. Peter Gardiner Hill and Mr. Christopher Hartley. Lady St. John of Bletso and Mrs. Frederick Parsons gave dinner-parties for some of the London contingent; country hostesses included Mrs. Piers Plowden, who brought her daughter Phyllida and Lady Juliet Fitzwilliam, while from Newmarket came Mrs. Jean Garland with a house-party, including her daughter Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham, and Miss Judy Gillson.

JULY 27th.—Umbrellas and bowlers flying in all directions completed a very jolly cocktail-party given by Miss Penelope Behrens and her brother Mr. Richard Behrens, just back from fighting in Malaya with the 12th Lancers, in a converted garage under their new flat in a Knightsbridge mews. Helping with the house-warming were Mr. Richard Tatham, Mr. Spencer Le Marchant, Miss Caroline Judd, Miss Zandra Hambro, Mr. Cyril Newton and Miss Nicole Yarde-Buller.

JULY 29th.—Incredibly smooth lawns, flower-beds aglow with patriotic red, white and blue, and the band of the Grenadier Guards greeted people arriving at beautiful White Lodge, Richmond Park, for Mrs. Reynolds-Veitch's garden-party. The hostess, in black and white shantung, was proudly showing her unique deep-red water lilies in a pool near the house to guests, including the Yugoslavian Ambassador and Madame Velebit, Lord and Lady Hayter, Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney, and Lady Granchester. Others seen wandering through the drawing-room, full of lovely flowers and pictures, were the Mayor and Mayoress of Richmond, Sir Harold and Lady Graham Hodgson, Sir Thomas and Lady Bethell and Lady (Noel) Curtis-Bennett.

Back in town, nearly 1000 people overflowed through nine rooms at Dartmouth House for a big reception given by the English Speaking Union in honour of Mr. Adlai Stevenson, who had been lunching that day with Sir Winston Churchill down at Chequers. Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Trenchard, Lady Trenchard, and Lord and Lady Baillieu received the guests; we saw the Duchess of Buccleuch, Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich, wife of the American Ambassador, Lady (Molly) Huggins, Lord Knollys and Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Epstein, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ives—she is Mr. Stevenson's sister—Major-General Sir Edward Spears, whose wife, well known as Mary Borden the novelist, is also a relative of Mr. Stevenson, Sir Evelyn Wrench, Nancy Lady Astor, chatting to everybody, and very many more.

On the second day of "Glorious Goodwood," where the majority of the prettiest debs. and eligible escorts could be tracked down, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk held the annual Goodwood Week Charity Ball at Arundel Castle. The moon, as well as masses of floodlights, lit up the ancient keep and battlements, and those not too exhausted with watching racing and polo all day stayed up to dance all night. Lord and Lady Rosebery, Lord and Lady Allandale, Colonel Eustace and Lady Jane Nelson were some of the house-party staying at the Castle, so were Major Ronald Strutt, brother of the Duchess, and Mr. F. Walwyn, the trainer, and his wife. Well-known Sussex people who brought parties were Lady Marion Philipps, Colonel and Mrs. Phipps-Hornby, and Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan. Major and Mrs. Bowes Lyon and Mr. and Mrs. Ross—he plays polo for the Argentinian team—were others there. Colonel and Mrs. Whitbread, from Thursley, near Godalming, brought lots of young; they were giving a dance there for their daughter, Miss Mary Whitbread, the following night.

TALKING OF TELEVISION: by CYRIL BUTCHER

The Problem of Broken Marriages

PERHAPS the parable is still the best way of teaching us all a lesson; and in this respect the dramatist has a considerable responsibility towards the society which supports him. Indeed, I do not consider it in any way sacrilegious to say that the parabolic mantle of the Supreme Teacher has to a large extent fallen upon the writer. The clergy moralise from their pulpits, politicians raise their voices in thunderous indignation against some social evil or other, and judges denounce from their benches. They are all activated by the same desire to use their responsible opinions in the service of humanity, and their voices cry loudly in their own particular wildernesses. And yet it is the writer who can most effectively rouse the conscience of the public—which is the surest way of getting things done. The social reforms attendant on the *exposés* of Charles Dickens are obvious and sufficient examples.

All this preamble leads me to the subject of divorces—of which statistics show a steady and melancholy line of increase—and the effect of these broken marriages on the children of such unhappy unions. It is perhaps the greatest social problem facing us to-day, for without it many other problems would disappear and most psychiatrists would be relieved from overwork. So one can only welcome the fact that our dramatists are tackling this miserable state of affairs.

Confining myself to television, there recently was an excerpt from *Escapade*, by Roger MacDougall, from the Strand Theatre, which I firmly hold is the most amusing, best-written and best-acted play London has seen for some time. Mr. MacDougall wraps up his sermon in a gust of laughter—which is by no means the worst way of pointing a moral. But the lesson is plain for all to see: parents and children are interdependent, and division in the family can only lead to disaster.

Now comes a play by Aimée Stuart, which you will be able to see on Sunday, August 16th, and Thursday, August 20th. It is called *Where The Heart Is*, and this time there will be little to laugh at, for Miss Stuart has taken her subject very seriously—and calmly. Her characters are intelligent, civilised beings who do not hurl the crockery at each other, but discuss their problems with as little outward show of emotion as possible

The Frazers are in trouble. The relationship between Paul and Caroline has for some years drifted into the state where their marriage is one in name only. Paul has been suffering from a post-war *malaise*, and Caroline, coming to regard him as just another of her children, busy with the problem of making ends meet, educating the children, and still keeping up appearances, has ceased to bother to keep herself an attractive woman. Then Paul goes off on a business trip to South America and comes back a new man, with the light of fresh hope in his eyes. At first Caroline believes that the reason for the change is the fact that he is in harness again, after a long period of inactivity. Then the blow falls—the answer is another woman, and Paul asks for a divorce so that he can marry her. Caroline refuses on the grounds that his new job, while making it possible for one family to live much better, is not enough to maintain two in reasonable style, and she, after all, has the prior claim.

This wretched state of affairs has an appalling effect on Sarah, their sixteen-year-old daughter. Her security in the home she loves has crashed about her head. She knows about her father and suspects that her mother is consoling herself with a rich neighbour. Alarm and heartbreak turn into resentment, and her young heart is full of bitterness against the parents who she feels have betrayed her for their own selfish interests. She is sent to a finishing school in Switzerland, where she takes her revenge by misconduct with a married man.

An unhappy play, in truth, and a sharp sermon. But Miss Stuart, while wisely avoiding any clumsy attempt to finish with a "they all lived happily ever after" situation, does end on a note of hope and courage.

Viewers will find the following Sunday's play in complete contrast, and no doubt its moral will rather tend to escape them. We are now dealing with *Portrait by Peko*, by P. H. Walker-Taylor, which is scheduled for August 23rd and 27th. This is an eventful "cops and robbers" story, centring round a debonair Chelsea artist who is equipped with many astonishing faculties, such as walling up corpses in pieces of statuary. I will not give any more of the plot, for fear of diminishing your enjoyment—or otherwise. However, this is the play that was chosen when the organisers of the Düsseldorf Radio and Television Recording Exhibition invited the B.B.C. to send over a production for broadcasting over the German network (which is becoming quite considerable). So after the 27th, Lionel Harris, the producer, will take the whole show, bag, baggage and actors, to Düsseldorf, whence it will be transmitted on the 31st. After the fabulous success of the relays to Europe at the time of the Coronation, the stock of British television is very high in Germany. Let us trust that *Portrait by Peko* will make them sit up even more.

THIS WEEK . . . AND NEXT

GILBERT HARDING.

Gilbert Harding, who has left a very empty hole in television's personality parade since the resting of What's My Line?, *will be returning to your screens next Saturday, when he will be presiding over a programme of his own,* A Little of What You Fancy. *There is a sinister subtitle which reads: "The Likes and Dislikes of Gilbert Harding," so anything may happen. In which category Mr. Harding will place personalities like Constance Spry, Philip Harben, Robert Harris, Tommy Cooper and Harry Mortimer he will no doubt tell us—on August 15th.*

BERIOSOVA.

Beriosova, one of Sadler's Wells Ballet's most attractive and talented young ladies, is—so my spies inform me—to appear in a light-hearted programme called Variety Express *on August 19th. This show is to be produced by veteran Bill Ward and new-boy Ronnie Taylor. Mr. Taylor, who is no newcomer as far as Sound is concerned (having produced shows like* Variety Fanfare *and* The Al Read Show*), is also responsible for the script and incidental lyrics. Jimmy Young, the comedian of* Treble Chance *fame, will be supplying the risible side of the programme.*

CATEGORICALLY SPEAKING . . .

Good

THE musical programmes of the recent past. *The First Night of the Proms* was notable for an inspired performance of Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto No. 2 by Moiseiwitsch, accompanied beautifully by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of Sir Malcolm Sargent. The relay from Glyndebourne of Mozart's *Il Seraglio* brought an evening's magic to the screen and, lastly, there was the brief excerpt from the concert given by the National Youth Orchestra of Wales, conducted by Clarence Raybould, at the Royal National Eisteddfod. I particularly congratulate the string section for its tonal beauty.

Golden Rain, by R. F. Delderfield, which I discussed in the last issue, came out very well, with grand performances by Dandy Nichols, Brian Worth and Rona Anderson, and a fine production by Leonard Brett.

Indifferent

Trouble in the Sun, by Hugh Popham, which never could make up its mind whether it was about the eternal triangle or the White *v.* Black question. But nice performances by Joyce Heron, André Morell and Hugh Burden.

What's My Story? which only went to show how very difficult it is to get a good idea for a panel show.

The Gay Parade, which only went to show that Light Entertainments run very much to pattern.

Mr. Jocelyn Stevens and Miss Sally Churchill found a corner to sit and watch the other guests.

Miss Penelope Yolland and Mr. Patrick Mayhew were two who braved the crowded dance floor.

Deep in discussion in this corner were Miss Rosemary Villiers and Mr. John Williams.

Enjoying a drink in the decorated ballroom were Miss Sarah Milburn and Mr. Jeremy Barron.

Two who voted the occasion a great success were Mr. Barry Maxwell and Miss Virginia Murray.

Mr. Duncan MacLeod and Miss Frances Roche, who wore a beautiful ostrich-trimmed gown.

Sun-tanned and vivacious, Miss Elizabeth Kleinwort was talking in a corner with Mr. Ian Graham.

Ensconced on a sofa were pretty Miss Susan McCorquodale and her cousin, Mr. Euan McCorquodale.

TRIPLE DEB. DANCE

debutante dance shared by three cousins was held at ...ngton House, Alresford, home of Sir William and Lady ...akins, on July 25th. With 300 guests, it was one of the ...ggest and gayest dances of the season. Lady Makins ...fficiated as hostess, although the dance was actually given ... the name of both herself and Lady (Roger) Makins, who ... in Washington with her husband, a cousin of Sir William ...Makins. Before the dance, twins Mary and Cynthia Makins ...eld a dinner-party at their own home, Sherfield Court, ...ear Basingstoke. They will shortly be joining their parents ... Washington, where they will be in time for the festivities of this year's American season.

Photographed by A. V. Swaebe.

Mr. David Higham and Miss Philippa Montgomerie were just about to take the floor as our photographer snapped them.

Miss Penelope Makins, daughter of Sir William and Lady Makins, stands between her twin cousins, Miss Mary and Miss Cynthia Makins, daughters of Sir Roger Makins, British Ambassador to the United States, and of Lady Makins.

BETTY. By Harry Theaker, R.B.A.
(Ridley Art Club Exhibition, Royal Institute Galleries, July 11-30. Not for sale.)

HORSE-PLAY. By Kathleen M. Pearson.
(Ridley Art Club Exhibition, Royal Institute Galleries, July 11-30. £30.)

Around the Galleries

The quality of the July exhibitions made selection difficult, but we reproduce here a fairly representative cross-section from the many excellent shows we visited. The Royal Institute Galleries were the venue for the Society of Graphic Artists' twenty-seventh show, and at the same time the Ridley Art Club, which originated as a small sketch club in memory of Matthew White Ridley, was holding its fifty-sixth exhibition there. At the R.B.A. Galleries, the memorial exhibition of Alfred Palmer's works was very interesting, and Florence Martin's show at the Trafford Gallery and the landscapes and seascapes by Leslie Kent, at the R.B.A., were particularly fine shows.

DORSET QUARRYMEN. By Alfred Palmer, R.O.I.
(Memorial Exhibition, Royal Society of British Artists, July 10-August 7. 120 gns.)

STUDY FOR PORTRAIT F.P. By Alfred Palmer, R.O.I.
(Memorial Exhibition, Royal Society of British Artists, July 10-August 7. Not for sale.)

MR. ALEXANDER DAVION. By June Mendoza.
(The Society of Graphic Artists Exhibition, Royal Institute Galleries, July 13-30. Not for sale.)

GARÇON. By Sir Frank Brangwyn, R.A., R.P.E.
(The Society of Graphic Artists Exhibition, Royal Institute Galleries, July 13-30. 10 gns.)

WINIFRED. By Frederick J. Mitchell.
(The Society of Graphic Artists Exhibition, Royal Institute Galleries, July 13-30. 8 gns.)

COSTUME DESIGN. By Florence Martin.
(Oils, gouaches and drawings, Trafford Gallery, July 15-31. Not for sale.)

THE ESTUARY. By Leslie Kent, R.B.A.
(Oil paintings and studies, Royal Society of British Artists, July 11-August 7. By courtesy of Thomas Forman and Sons, Ltd.)

PROMENADE. By Florence Martin.
(Exhibition at the Trafford Gallery, July 15-31. Lent by Robert M. Shone, C.B.E.)

★ At the Cinema ★

with C. A. Lejeune

Call Me Madam

(*Gaumont*)

IT needs no 3-D to make the film version of *Call Me Madam* a stand-out show. It needs only what it has got already—Irving Berlin's music, a screen-play based on the brilliant "book" by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, Ethel Merman in the part she created in the theatre, a top-notch supporting cast, and a production that fairly sizzles and glows.

In the opinion of some good judges, *Call Me Madam* is the best of that splendid series of American musical shows which began with *Oklahoma!* and included *Annie Get Your Gun*, *South Pacific*, *Brigadoon* and *Kiss Me Kate*. In the opinion of other good judges, the picture is even better than the stage show, or at any rate the stage show as we saw it here. If that be so, the credit must go partly to the additional numbers and dance routines, but mainly to the tremendous personality of the star.

Miss Merman is terrific. If *Call Me Madam* is a "vehicle" for her, she certainly keeps the vehicle racing like a human dynamo. Admittedly, her style is not refined, but who wants refinement in a performance so full of richness, friendliness and gusto? Her voice is loud, almost to the point of stridency, but each syllable is clear and sharply enunciated, something which her juniors might do well to study. Irving Berlin has said it would be professional suicide for anyone to write a bad song for Ethel Merman, as every word she utters can be heard in the back row of the topmost circle. She doesn't need stereophonic sound any more than she needs 3-D to help her. She *is* stereophonic sound.

Her personality makes sense of the plot, and as the Oklahoma-born Washington hostess, Mrs. Sally Adams, she seems the natural choice for the Ambassadress appointed by President Truman to represent the United States in the European Duchy of Lichtenburg. "I'm the Hostess with the Mostes' on the Ball" she sings brazenly, and one doesn't question it. Superb and absurd, she manages her country's affairs abroad with a breezy *camaraderie* that is never lacking in authority. She may kick at her train and tug at her girdle before entering a Royal reception; she may stumble in a curtsey, and swing the formal music into ragtime, but she never loses the touch of distinction that makes people call her Madam everywhere she goes.

This remarkable *tour de force* is supported by other performances excellent in their kind. Traditional movie villain George Sanders gets a chance to play a romantic rôle for a change, and sing in a pleasing bedroom baritone, as the distinguished Foreign Minister who wins the Madam's robust affections. Vera-Ellen, as Lichtenburg's Princess, models her fancy costumes with great charm, dances deftly, and always appears to be *happy*, such a refreshing quality in pictures.

One of the pleasantest things about *Call Me Madam* is the chance it gives to young Donald O'Connor to prove himself, not only an engaging song-and-dance man, but an accurate and rather touching actor. For too many films Mr. O'Connor's talents have been employed by Hollywood in such assignments as playing stooge to Francis the Talking Mule. *Call Me Madam* gives him his proper due. As Miss Merman's earnest young Press Attaché, for whom the Princess is prepared to abdicate, he has had new routines created for him, and justifies every inch of their footage. In a strange way he puts one in mind of the very young Astaire, and it might not be a bad thing to have some of the early Astaire features remade for him. They would be different, of course, but I don't think they would be unacceptable. Any young man who can so admirably balance Ethel Merman in a duet such as "I Hear Singing" could go a long way, with proper care.

Lili

(*Empire*)

AN entirely misleading advertisement introduces this odd little film to the public with the teaser, "Everyone will fall in love with Lili—a Lovely Young Lady in Gay Paree."

In point of fact, *Lili* is a very special sort of piece, a gentle, rather solemn musical fantasy that will enchant some people, may infuriate others.

Leslie Caron, the French ballerina whom you will remember from *An American in Paris*, and perhaps *The Man With a Cloak*, is cast as an innocent, mouse-like orphan girl who finds her way into a French travelling carnival. There she falls in love with a magnificent magician (Jean-Pierre Aumont), who is at first amused and flattered by her attentions, but takes no more interest in her when he finds she's so dumb she can't even hold down a job as a canteen waitress.

Another carnival man, however, is watching over Lili, unbeknown. He is a puppeteer (Mel Ferrer), a seemingly gloomy and embittered character, mad at the world because a war-wound keeps him from his old profession of dancing. The experienced filmgoer, however, won't take many minutes to find out that a soft heart beats under Mr. Ferrer's rugged exterior. Through the voices of his puppets, he calls Lili back when she is on the point of committing suicide; entices her to talk and even sing a little to the puppets; and with a bold stroke incorporates this artless *tête-à-tête* in his especial spot in the carnival programme. The act takes on; the crowd loves it; before long even the talent scouts of the Folies Bergère are interested. I shall not tell you how the story ends. In fact, I could not; because the quality, for better or worse, is something that can only be conveyed by pictures.

It's the style, not the substance, that makes *Lili*. It has scarcely any substance. In a dreamlike way occasional musical numbers are threaded into the story. Lili imagines she is dancing with Jean-Pierre Aumont, with Mel Ferrer's puppets, and lastly with Mel Ferrer himself.

The theme tune is a real hummer. The final dance sequence, played in pastel shades against a steelpoint background, is imaginative and lovely. Mr. Ferrer and Mr. Aumont make highly attractive leading men, each in his own kind; but it is the response to Leslie Caron's highly individual charm that will really decide the fate of the picture.

Not even her best friend could call Miss Caron glamorous. Her dark straight cap of hair reminds one of the dolls we used to have in childhood. Her mouth has been shaped by nature, not a dentist. She wears only two costumes throughout the film, a demure grey one, and a slightly less inhibited powder-blue model. She uses hardly any make-up; just a faint bloom on cheeks and lips, and enough shadow to bring out the colour of the sea-green eyes, which are long, and curiously tilted. A very quaint little star indeed, yet somehow her singularity makes most of Hollywood's glamour-girls look commonplace.

I need hardly tell you that I was charmed by *Lili*. But it is a film about which it is less possible than usual for a critic to give a hard-and-fast opinion. Like certain perfumes, certain tastes, and colours, it is something which each customer must value for himself.

"THE SKETCH" Challenge Trophy, which will be awarded for the best and most sporting performance, irrespective of class, in the G.B. Car Club's London–Languedoc Touring Rally this month. Judges will be the organising committee, and the cup, which is to be competed for annually, will be presented by the Duke de Castres at the conclusion of the Rally, the winner receiving a miniature replica. Pictures taken during the ten eventful days of the Rally will appear in the September 23rd issue of "THE SKETCH."

Anything Can Happen

(*Carlton*)

THE purpose of this film is clearly a restrained advertisement for the American way of life. It is based on a book by George and Helen Papashvily, which I have not read myself, but which a correspondent describes to me as "most sincere, guileless and charming." It shows how Giorgi Papashvily, a shy immigrant from Georgia, U.S.S.R., found a welcome in the U.S.A.; how a nice American girl called Helen took an interest in him, encouraged him to sing and record his native folk songs, settled him down to run an orange-ranch in California with a crowd of fellow-immigrants, and eventually married him. José Ferrer and Kim Hunter make the leading characters very likeable. The film is not particularly striking, but it is gentle, warmhearted and has an honest ring.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO

by Norah Owen

OVER THE BORDER

Idyllic, against the misty spray of a waterfall and grey rocks in the sunlight of a late summer evening, we show the flattering magic of black lace in two evening dresses to be bought and worn in Scotland. *Left :* Mary Black's dress, with its low camisole-top and full skirt, bordered with écru net, has a net stole appliquéd with lace. From Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh ; McEwen's of Perth ; Harvey Nichols, London. *Right :* A long-sleeved dinner-gown of lace, jet-embroidered on the bodice, by Acquer, from Jenners, Edinburgh ; and Peter Jones, London.

Specially photographed for " THE SKETCH " by Studio Hanover.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (*continued*)

OVER THE BORDER

To be worn over the Border, in Scotland, or anywhere in the country this Autumn, we find the most attractive tweeds and tough fabrics for coats and suits. Colours are rich and glowing, to cheer the days that gradually lead to winter. Greens, deep blues, black-and-white for country as well as town, and brown in every shade, from palest honey, to deep chocolate. The line is easy, smooth, comfortable and uncluttered, as our country clothes should always be.

Above : The three-piece, a suit with its top-coat, contrasting or co-related in colour, appears everywhere. Travella's peacock-blue suit, double-breasted and classic in line, is topped by a loose coat in matching blue and grey hairy fabric, easy to wear and easy to look at. From Alexander Wilkie, Edinburgh ; and Marshall and Snelgrove, London. Suit about 19 guineas, and the coat approximately 28 guineas. Dorville's amusing stranded and tasselled cap from Simpsons.

Right : The ideal coat for the town-and-country wardrobe. Dereta's black-and-white tweed top-coat is roomy enough to wear over a suit, but straight and unbulky. With its wide revers and deep cuffs, widely bound in black, it fastens with large, flat, black buttons. Price approximately 17 guineas, from Watt and Grant, Aberdeen ; and Simpsons, Piccadilly. Dorville's black woolly cap, gold-embroidered on the top, is also from Simpsons.

A suit in tweed that is again suitable for town or country wear. In snuff and stone tweed, it has a slim skirt and a boxy jacket, double-breasted and soft-shouldered, with a velvet collar. By Koupy, from McDonalds, Glasgow ; and Harrods' Model Suit Department. The stitched calf shoulder-bag and suede crêpe-soled shoes are from Russell and Bromley. Dorville's woolly cap from Simpsons.

OVER THE BORDER

Left : A classic tweed suit, with back pleats in the skirt for easy movement, a slightly dropped shoulder-line, buttoned pockets and sleeve-cuffs. By Rensor, about 12 guineas, from McDonalds, Glasgow ; and Dickins and Jones, London. The casual hat, with its soaring black feathers, is a Hugh Beresford " Town and Country " model from Swan and Edgar, price 79s. 11d.

Right : In soft tweed is this moulded, belted suit in moss green and black. The smooth jacket, with its easy shoulders, is unbuttoned, and beautifully fitted. The skirt is straight. By Simon Massey, price about 21 guineas, from Ella Stewart, Edinburgh, and Harvey Nichols, London. The teal green pillbox hat, with its black ribbon, is a " Town and Country " model, price 79s. 11d., from Woollands.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (*continued*)

ELEGANT ECONOMY

Worsted, traditionally English, light in weight and superb for tailoring, is often overlooked as a dress fabric, although it is ideal for all-the-year-round wear in our peculiar climate. Chadwick and Hill use worsted for a range of dresses that are supremely wearable, reasonable and elegant. Designed by Charles Creed, the Couturier, they are a classic basis for jewellery, furs and accessories. *Left :* Iridescent worsted, with flapped pockets and a fly front fastening. *Right :* Pick-and-pick worsted, with a turtle neck and slit-pockets. Price 10 guineas each, from D. H. Evans, London. The hats are " Town and Country " models by Hugh Beresford, from Swan and Edgar.

Tales with a Sting

My Aunt, my Father, and the Pier

By Maurice Cranston

WHEN I was a child I lived with an aunt by the sea, in an English town that was rapidly becoming a popular resort.

"Hotels, hotels, hotels," my aunt used to protest, as one large building after another grew up to close our view of the bay. "I don't know what your father will say."

He was abroad, and had not seen the new developments.

"Perhaps they 'll build a theatre," I once suggested. "Then he 'll be pleased."

"He 'll want to get away from *that* sort of thing," she snapped, disapproving of my father's connection with the stage.

I was not so sure. For my part I welcomed the new aspect of the town. I was nine. I had seen six years of change. Bathing machines were before my time, but as late as 1923, when I was three, the scene at the seaside in the West of England was still, substantially, Edwardian. Ladies bathed in cotton costumes, almost always black, which reached the elbows and the knees, covering without flattering the figure. Their hats were like those of mediæval doctors, and made of rubber. Sun-bathing had not then reached us from Germany. Visitors sat on the shore in deck-chairs, wearing hats and coats and boots and stockings; white stockings, of the kind American nurses wear, were, with parasols, the height of *chic*. By 1929 it had all changed. Backless bathing suits, little skirted trunks, and that forgotten garment, the beach pyjama, had revolutionised the scene. Speedboats took noisy possession of the water. Huts were set up for the sale of ice-cream and photographs and "beach teas on trays."

The central feature of the bright new age, the Mecca of our seaside hedonists, was the pier. No ship ever called at it. Very few anglers sat on the end of it. The twopence that one spent—or, rather, that many spent—at its tollgate, gave access to all the latest novelties from America: dodgems, fruit machines, test-your-strength - machines, I - speak - your - weight - machines, automatic palmists, and mutoscopes marked Adults Only and What the Butler Saw. (That particular butler saw ten studies of Venus from the Metropolitan Museum of New York.)

Devoted, though it was, for almost every inch of its length, to amusement, the pier, nevertheless, caused some people singular distress. My aunt was of this number. Regular mass meetings were held to complain about the pier, especially on Sundays; because it gave most offence, as well as most pleasure, by opening on Sundays. The protest meetings were supported by a Nonconformist brass band, and there was one speaker whose splendid voice I shall always remember. He used to say that the pier was Sodom *and* Gomorrha, and I, in my innocence, and, of course, rather liking the pier, thought it was mean of him to say it was *both*. Yet they were such good protest meetings that crowds came down from the pier to hear them, although I noticed that they promptly went back, and many more with them, when the demonstration ended. . . .

My father chose a Sunday evening to return from his longest stay abroad.

"Just in time," said my aunt, "to drive us to the protest meeting."

His motor-car was of that incomparable mark, the Trojan. It had solid rubber tyres and its engine made a noise unlike any other kind, "*Pop, pop, pop, pop, pop*!" It was also open, so that we were able to sit in it and hear what happened at the meeting.

The brass band was not good, but the golden voice was at the top of its form. The indictment of the pier was masterly. Not only did the speaker say it was immoral: he called it a haunt of lotteries, betting and games of chance. Everyone seemed to agree, for when he asked the crowd: "Do we want this town to be another Monte Carlo?" not a single voice answered "Yes."

My father was impressed. As a theatrical manager of the old-fashioned kind, he responded to impassioned oratory. My aunt was eager to know what he thought of the *message*.

"There ought to be such meetings," he told her, "to protest against the *cinemas*. They 've already reduced the living theatre to penury. Now the talkies are going to kill us."

The cinemas, in his opinion, were far more immoral than the pier. My aunt was not quite persuaded of this, having lately seen *Ben Hur*, but she was ready to agree that most films were quite unsuitable for children, which prompted me to halt the drift of their conversation by asking my father, rather tactlessly, how soon he was going abroad again, and where.

"To Canada," he said. He had a big project on foot there. Then he was going to send one of his companies on a tour of Germany. He was also considering an attractive offer from Broadway.

"When the contract 's signed, I 'll buy a Rolls-Royce."

He often spoke like this, and I would say, "I 'd rather have a Bentley." But always he would come back—"*pop, pop, pop, pop, pop*"—in the same old Trojan.

In the year, I think it was 1931, when the last of our local theatres was taken over for the talkies, my father was with us to witness the melancholy change. It was only the smallest consolation for him to be given free seats by the manager, as one impresario to another. He smoked gloomily through the show, and I think he laughed only when the sound failed to synchronise with the picture.

We did not go straight back to Aunt Phœbe's house. My father thought we needed some air, a little ozone. Then he drove, as he always did when he felt this particular need, away from the sea to a large hotel some miles inland. I was allowed to sit with him there, while he drank a glass or two of brandy. Even this seemed to make him no brighter, and I tried to divert his thoughts by asking him about his activities abroad.

"Was it nice in Canada?"

"Not particularly."

"Did they like the plays in Germany?"

"Not much . . . Listen, my boy." My father was sniffing and twiddling his glass to show he was not ready to be drawn into reminiscences. "How old are you?"

"Eleven." And then remembering the good manners of a boy in a book I had been reading, I added: "Sir. Eleven, sir."

"Then you are old enough to know a few facts about life."

I ventured to agree.

"The first fact is money. It 's money that makes the world what it is, and money that makes us what we are. And now I 'm going to put a question to you: if money makes us what we are, what would we be if we hadn't any money?"

I was sorry, but I had to admit I didn't know.

"Neither do I. Here 's another fact. We haven't any. It 's all gone. We 're ruined. And it 's thanks to the talking pictures. We 're overdrawn and we haven't any credit. That means that we owe money and nobody intends to put it up for us. Because they know as well as I know that the talking pictures mean the end of the living stage."

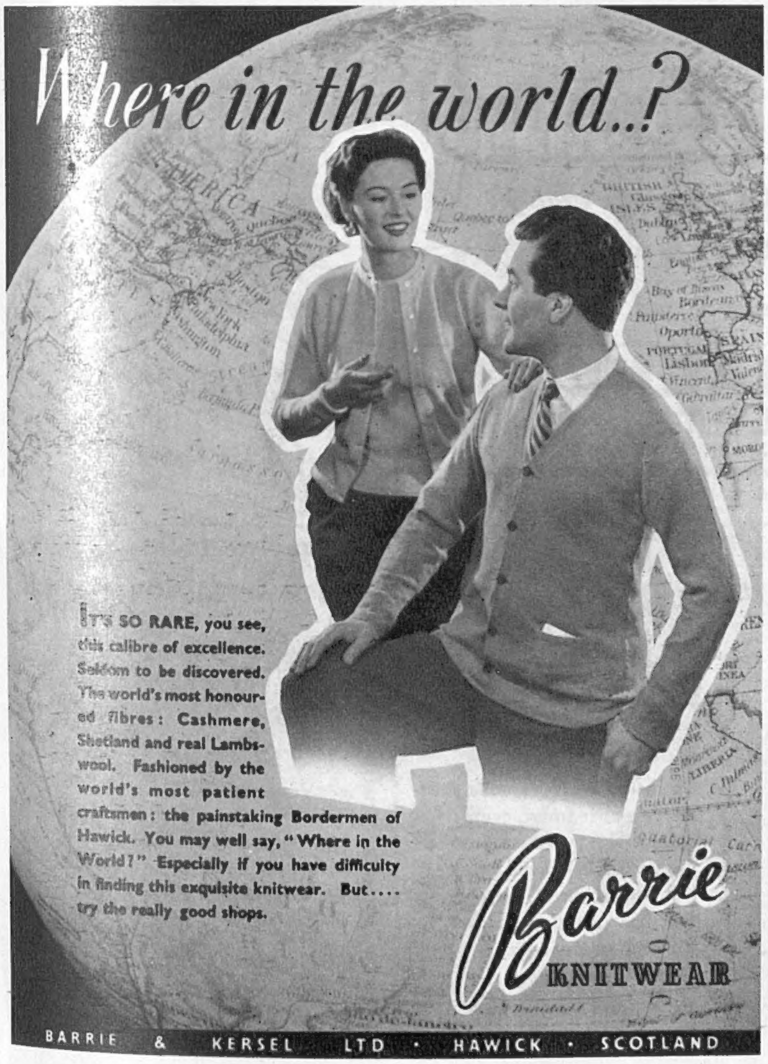
He took out his wallet and counted the contents. They came to £4. He gave me two and kept the rest.

"Is this the last I 'll ever have?" I asked, too young to hide the fact that my first thought was for myself.

"Well, almost." My father hesitated; he seemed to be considering a problem. "Oh, perhaps I 'll tell you. There *is* something else. There is something salted away not a hundred miles from here. Something very prudently invested."

I asked him to explain.

"For heaven's sake don't tell your aunt. But it 's invested in the *pier*. That open-air meeting gave me the idea. For once in my life I seem to have struck gold. They 're paying 45 per cent. And it 's a merciful relief that they do. I don't know what you think about the pier, my son, but it 's the only thing that stands between us and the workhouse; the only source of income you and I have left."



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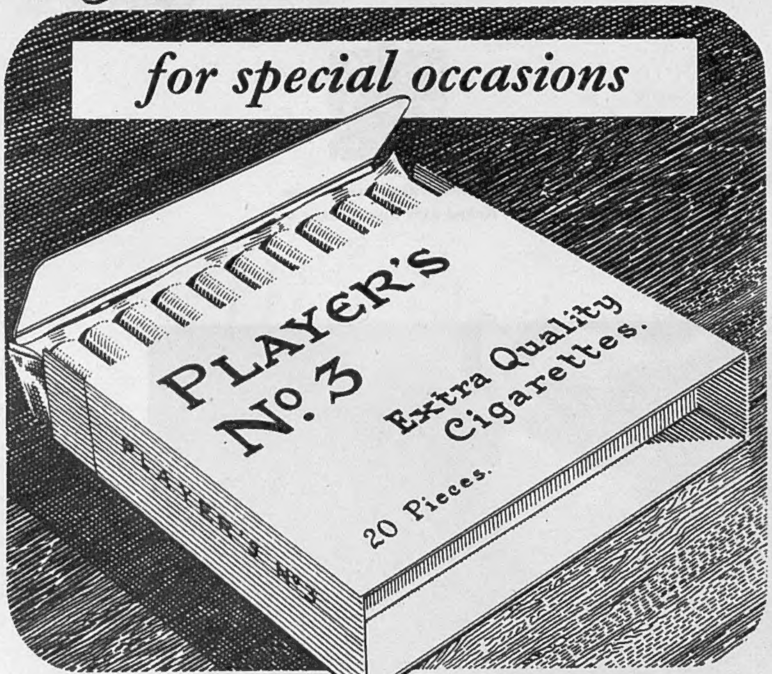

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